AVANT-GARDES: Elisabeth Mann Borgese

THE NATION

November 1, 1965 . . 35c

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NOTES ON THE TORONTO TEACH-IN

The Irrelevance of Morality

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Profits vs. Engineering

THE CORVAIR STORY

RALPH NADER

Latin America

CONTINENT ON A TEETERBOARD

Donald D. Ranstead

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LETTERS

Facts vs. theories

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: It is no doubt true, as Christopher Lasch approvingly quotes Robert Parris as saying ["New Curriculum for Teach-Ins," *The Nation,* Oct. 18], that an excessive preoccupation with facts defeats itself. But to center the debate on Vietnam on theories, to the exclusion of facts, gives no greater assurance of "victory," for just as each side has corresponding (and conflicting) facts, so will each side have corresponding (and conflicting) theories.

The confrontation or testing of theories, one with another, is, to be sure, operating at a formally equivalent level of argument, but if one is to hope to win the debate (which in this case probably means convincing an otherwise unconvinced audience, if not the opposition) one must ultimately have recourse to facts. . . .

None of this is meant to belittle the very profound problem of how to convince a largely apathetic public that what is being done in its name is horribly wrong. The two approaches under consideration seem to stress in the one case the horror, in the other the wrong. *Ezra Shahn*

Primitives as people

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs: In "Facts of Life on the African Plain" [*The Nation,* June 21], Mr. James Wellard does grave injustice to a talented and honest author by grossly misreading her book. He is ponderously condescending in his assumption of either naive error or dubious presentation in Elizabeth Marshall Thomas' *Warrior Herdsmen.* Since this is as misplaced as it is offensive, I wish to record, on the basis of three years' professional anthropological field work in that area, that her description of the Dodoth is both reliable and perceptive.

To make matters worse, Mr. Wellard bases his inept appraisal on a completely erroneous view of what an anthropologist's business is. Contrary to his assumption, it is *not* "the first duty of the anthropologist . . . to recognize that squalor, ignorance, cruelty, greed, indifference to suffering and the quasi-enslavement of the weak . . . cannot be glossed over." These are merely the pious distorting simplicities of a century ago. Anthropology now is not concerned with evaluative simplifications (whether for or against primitive life) but with objective representation of a descriptive or analytic kind. Moreover, its practitioners approach primitive communities with a fundamental assumption that here are human beings not unlike ourselves, conducting their lives in intelligible terms according to statable premises and perceptible goals.

The ultimately disturbing feature of Mr. Wellard's stance, however, is its implication that "primitives" are definable in terms of moral, emotional and intellectual deficiencies. The Dodoth, for him, can satisfactorily be presented as tyrants snatching pop bottles from their victims, cruel adults removing children's teeth with awls, cattle bandits perpetrating "unpleasant tricks in their petty war." But this registers a comprehensive failure to perceive the humanity of beings who have habits different from our own. The truth (among many others) is rather that there are no petty wars for those engaged in them; that spearing children to get cattle is precisely *as* horrifying as dropping atom bombs on Japanese children to secure democracy; that each is *equally* adequate (or not) for defining the society where it occurs. We are all *people,* Mr. Wellard. However we look, we are all human. Whatever our technology, we are all complex. If we are ever to understand and deal charitably with one another, it must be in those complex and human terms.

Neville Dyson-Hudson
Department of Social Relations
The John Hopkins University

Deprivation

Hamilton, O.

Dear Sirs: Each week the government releases the heartening news that we are making splendid progress in depopulating Southeast Asia, and have slaughtered quite a few people who were guilty of looking very much like Communists from the air. They then, however, are apt to spoil the effect by admitting—a little sheepishly—that the total has not been fully confirmed by a body count. It is intolerable that we should be denied the comfort of a body count: can one really enjoy a war without it? *William Palmer Taylor*

Anger of Ike

Toronto, Can.

Dear Sirs: Recently, former President Eisenhower stated that he strongly disapproved of public demonstrations against U.S. policy in Vietnam. "What do they know about it?" he said with his eyes flashing, according to the A.P.

Eisenhower assumes that the American people do not know and, in fact, have no right to know about the war in Vietnam. . . . [He] has shown a complete disregard for the democratic process, a dangerous disregard which is indicative of present American politics. *John Ayre*

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The Nation, Nov. 1, 1965. Vol. 201, No. 14

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1965 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.
Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

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The Honor and the Hazard

The protest parades and demonstrations of the October 16 weekend came off well. The turn-outs were large—in New York City well above the organizers' advance estimate of 10,000—and a broad spectrum of opinion was represented. To the disappointment of the photographers, attacks on the demonstrators, East Coast and West, were few and mostly inconsequential. As a first attempt to orchestrate a nation-wide protest against the Johnson Administration's role in Southeast Asia, the occasion was highly successful.

But if any of the participants joined this movement under the lighthearted impression that they could persist in this course without risk or penalty of any kind, the reaction of the government and the press indicated that as the situation develops, courage will be needed not only on the battlefield, but here at home. However moderate and reasonable protest may be, the protesters will be called draft dodgers, slackers, cowards, Communists, and traitors. A certain amount of abuse will come from respectable quarters, including some of the churches, as well as from hoodlums and frenzied patriots. That official stigmatization will not be lacking was shown by the release on October 13 of the report of the Eastland-Dodd Internal Security subcommittee: "The Anti-Vietnam Agitation and the Teach-In Movement," subtitled "The Problem of Communist Infiltration and Exploitation." As for overt acts, however symbolic, the maximum sentence for draft-card burning—five years in prison and a $10,000 fine—is a harbinger of how rash transgressors will fare.

Whatever the future may bring, the protesters already have the consolation of being taken seriously. That is not because the movement is, at this stage, a real threat to the prosecution of the war. The Administration and the war hawks whose thinking now dominates it are looking ahead. This is already a good-sized war, and it is going to get bigger. If Pentagon aims are to be realized, it is going to be a long war. It is a dirty war now, and it is going to get dirtier, if that is possible. Any nucleus of opposition is therefore dangerous; like the war itself, it is likely to grow. Nor can anyone guarantee that other wars, elsewhere, may not spring up as suddenly as the not-yet-settled trouble in Santo Domingo. What we are witnessing now is massive prophylaxis against massive future opposition.

It is important, on all these counts, for the dissenters to know what they are doing, and why they are doing it. Most of the accusations that are flung at them are motivated either by political expediency or by passion. In neither case can reason avail; as Justice Brandeis said, "War kills all love of truth." Reasonable arguments, however, must be weighed.

In the October 17 *New York Times,* James Reston made the point that opposition to our course in Vietnam was justified as long as President Johnson refused to define our war aims and rejected negotiation; but that since his Johns Hopkins offer to negotiate, opposition encourages Hanoi to prolong the fighting and so is self-defeating. Before writing this column, Reston should have read William Beecher's long article, "Vietnam Turnabout," in the October 14 *Wall Street Journal.* Beecher shows conclusively that, in proportion as the war goes better for our side, our interest in negotiation slackens. (*The Nation* made the same point editorially in "The Bigger War," October 18.) Unremitting opposition to the war is the only force that will keep the idea of negotiation from being completely smothered. The average citizen, conditioned as he is, takes a purely opportunistic attitude. When the war goes better, his passion for victory rises. The polls show this mechanism clearly. Only a determined, vocal minority can counterbalance the perpetual alliance of the directors of "national interest" and their unthinking followers.

A parallel argument — that the leaders in North Vietnam are really convinced that a majority of Americans are on their side—is one of those fictions that can be propagated only in wartime. If Ho Chi Minh and General Giap can read the stories about the demonstrations, they can also read the figures in the polls. Their thanks to the demonstrators are gratuitous: the opposition is not for their sake, but for the sake of the United States. If Americans may not protest the bombings because North Vietnam also protests them, total conformity is the only course left. Opposition must and will continue. It will be intensified. Victory in a war such as the United States is waging in Vietnam would demean our country more than defeat. That is the crux of the opposition. In the words of Ernst Bacon, professor emeritus at Syracuse University, this generation "has the honor, no less than the hazard, to lead perhaps the most significant peace movement in history." That movement will not be crushed.

The Long Pull

The chances are that the Vietnam war will neither be wholly won nor wholly lost but, partly because of rising internal opposition, will eventually end in a precarious peace which will satisfy neither side. The goal of the United States is clearly one of maintaining the encirclement and ostracism of Communist China; to this end, the Pacific Ocean is to be *mare nostrum* and we are to hold on to the formidable bases we have established in South Vietnam. Thus the problem of American policy in Asia transcends the present conflict and will remain after its close, however far off that may be.

It follows that various kinds of opposition have a

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place. Those of military age, and inclined to histrionics, can burn their draft cards, and since they will go to jail their action is not without dignity. However, the political significance of such gestures is limited, not only because few will resort to it but because martyrdom requires neither thought nor talent. More realistic groups, such as the "New Left" Students for a Democratic Society, are in a position to exert greater influence, but they will suffer defections as their leaders are pilloried by the investigating committees and the university administrations assist in the crack-downs. A more mature, less vulnerable, and probably longer-lived group is ARFEP — Americans for Reappraisal of Far Eastern Policy. Its national headquarters is at Yale (404 Yale Station, New Haven 06520), it has area directors at universities all over the country, and its national committee of non-student members is so studded with well-known names — Roger Baldwin, John Bennett, Mrs. Helen Buttenwieser, John Hersey, Rollo May, Harold Taylor, Norman Thomas among others—that the J. Edgar Hoovers, Eastlands, Dodds, et al., will be hard put to redbait it into silence.

The present purpose of ARFEP is to promote a negotiated settlement in Vietnam. It calls for an immediate cease-fire by both sides, preferably to be administered by the United Nations and to serve as a prelude to unconditional negotiations "which should include all parties involved in the conflict"—meaning the Vietcong. Further, the United States should announce its readiness to negotiate toward recognition of the People's Republic of China and its admission to the UN. And the United States should "declare its readiness to join China in projects of mutual advantage and concern, including establishment of controls over the production and testing of nuclear weapons and the end of special restrictions on trade, communications, and exchange of personnel."

In short, a complete and, for the present, politically inconceivable reversal of policy as administered by President Johnson and his three predecessors — although President Truman did send General Marshall to China in an effort to reconcile the winning Communists and the losing Kuomintang before the civil war between them reached total victory and total defeat. But the proposals, although not new, are put forward anew by an organization which will not be easily shoved around. It should serve as a rallying point for university students and faculty members who, though not of the Left, find present American policy headed for ultimate disaster. And not just these elements alone. Plenty of impeccable American industrial and financial leaders, as well as leaders of farm, labor and civic organizations, are convinced of the need to reappraise American policy in the Far East. Sooner or later "protest" politics must always move into the phase of political persuasion based on the discussion of alternatives to existing policies. Formation of ARFEP represents, therefore, a real "breakthrough" in the discussion of policy alternatives; it merits the widest measure of public support.

Ditched Again

Washington's pork-barrel engineers, determined to make this planet as crisscrossed with canals as Mars, is only one step — Senate approval — away from the biggest and rawest victory of them all: a half-billion-dollar barge canal from Dallas to the Gulf of Mexico, which is an uncertain distance as the boondoggle flies but roughly 250 miles.

Nothing will stop it. Certainly reason and logic will not, as Sen. William Proxmire proved this session when he spoke out against that more modest piece of pork, the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, a mere 107-mile project that will cost the federal government only $145 million.

The Senate-House Conference Committee specified that no money will be appropriated for the Dallas-Gulf canal until the Army Corps of Engineers submits a re-evaluation of its economic justification. As though that were some kind of precaution!

The Corps re-evaluated the Florida canal, too. Twenty-three years ago the Florida canal was authorized by Congress as a way to avoid sending merchant ships past the submarines waiting off the tip of Florida. Then, realizing this was a plan born more of panic than wisdom, Congress forgot about it. But land promotors in Florida didn't. The Corps' wartime study showed the building of the canal would have an uneconomical benefit-cost ratio of 1.05 to 1. To the end of the Eisenhower administration the Corps stuck by that. But in 1962 it boosted the benefit-cost ratio to an attractive 1.20 to 1.

It did this by estimating the probable cost to be 13.5 per cent less than the cost would have been during the war—although all construction costs in the nation had risen an estimated 32 per cent in the interim. And aside from a masterful job of juggling prospective interest rates, the Corps developed its figures by increasing the value of the shore-line land that would result from the canal, but without deducting the loss of property that would be flooded!

If the Corps can re-evaluate like that for Florida, think what it can do for Big Daddy and—as they call Dallas down his way—for Big D.

Same Old HUAC

Over a large part of the South, murder goes unpunished, as long as the victims are rebellious Negroes or whites who join them in civil rights struggles. This immunity of criminals has shamed the United States among its own law-abiding citizens, and among those nations of the world that are not openly racist. Accordingly, the more prudent segregationists have come to see it as a peril to their continued political dominance. That, and nothing else, explains the shift of the House Un-American Activities Committee from twenty-seven years of Red-hunting to its current preoccupation with the Ku Klux Klan.

Investigating committees are an essential tool of the Congress, for the purpose of originating legisla-

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tion, not for sensationalism, circuses or persecution. This process has been perverted by HUAC and its cognates in the Senate. On the record, these committees are beyond redemption. As long as they remain in existence, they are a standing threat to American political freedom and common political morality. The only remedy is to abolish them. Those who know the history and the purpose of these bodies will not change their opinion of them one iota because, for the devious reasons characteristic of them, they are now putting on a grandstand play with the Klan instead of with Communists or progressives.

A slight and passing benefit may be found in holding the Klan up to ridicule or, possibly, in exposing a few Southern cops who have formally joined it. None of this can weigh against the harm HUAC has done and will continue to do. Everyone knows that the Klan membership is the scum of the South. What further exposure is necessary? Nor do its victims need a forum; the entire nation—indeed the entire world—has heard their stories just as it has read of the murders committed by Klansmen. Few victims will probably brave the dangers of testifying in Washington in any case. Smart segregationists are not members of the present ragged mob (although their grandfathers may have been), and they will carry on as before, after the investigation. If any criminals are caught, the existing law-enforcement agencies should have brought them to justice long ago. The South has laws against murder, and the Mosaic code existed before these laws. If the South wishes to cleanse itself, all it need do is enforce the laws. In the 1870s and again in the 1920s, Congressional investigations sought to discredit the Klan and may have had some tendency to stunt its growth, but in both instances it was finally checked because the citizens decided to put a stop to its lawless depredations by lawful means. As long as Southern opinion is indifferent—as long as it is willing to sanction the terrorism of the Klan—the outrage against the dignity of the United States will persist. HUAC remains what President Truman once called it, "the most un-American thing in the country," and no one should be fooled by the present change of costume.

Perils of Omnipotence

Omnipotence is a rich but fragile garment—give it a tweak and the seams split. J. Edgar Hoover and his minions are presently suffering this dishevelment at the hands of Rex Stout, whose Nero Wolfe detective stories have entertained the American reading public since well before World War II. In *The Doorbell Rang* (Viking), the twenty-second novel in the series, a woman who has distributed copies of Fred J. Cook's *The FBI Nobody Knows* among her friends finds that she is being harassed by the G-men and hires Wolfe to rid her of the nuisance. This he does with a thoroughness so humiliating that Hoover himself is goaded into seeking a private interview with the obese sleuth. Alas, he has forgotten that Wolfe sees strangers only by appointment and he is turned away at the door.

Lest anyone think that he is hiding behind the notoriously autocratic manners of his hero, Stout gave a prepublication interview to the Sunday *Herald Tribune* in which he called the FBI "an outrageous outfit" and termed their censoring of movie and TV scripts "goddam impudence and arrogance." He also characterized Hoover as a megalomaniac "enemy of democracy" who grows "sillier and sillier." Asked whether he expected "trouble" as a result of *The Doorbell Rang*, Stout guessed that the FBI hadn't yet become that silly.

This sort of thing is devastating to a man like Hoover who has presumed to place himself and his organization beyond criticism. When *The Nation* originally published Fred Cook's study as a special issue, Hoover may have smarted in private, but publicly he could save face among his admirers by implying that he would not take notice of a journal whose political views he deplored. That tack will scarcely work in this instance. Stout has not attacked Hoover; he has simply called him down as he would any servant (in this case a public servant) who had forgotten who employed him (in this case all of us). Omnipotence cannot survive such treatment. And yet we predict that nothing will happen to Rex Stout (except that his new book will sell very well indeed), and America may now awaken to the fact that J. Edgar Hoover bears a striking resemblance to King Log of the fable.

The Silence of the Bar

For the moment, something like a complete dead end has been reached in the problem of the all-white Southern jury. The failure of the Alabama Supreme Court to disqualify eleven prospective jurors for self-acknowledged racial bias, in the Hayneville case, means that still another "not guilty" verdict is to be anticipated. Such verdicts, of course, preclude the possibility of redress. At the same time, little progress is being made in the various efforts to enjoin pending criminal prosecutions until more representative juries can be selected. Predictably, therefore, public pressure is building up nationally in support of various proposals to extend federal criminal jurisdiction over certain offenses. For example, the Southern Conference Educational Fund has proposed that it should be a federal offense to injure or kill a person because of his color, his civil rights activities or his exercise of other constitutional rights. But even if federal criminal jurisdiction were extended in some such fashion, the problem of Southern juries would remain. To be sure, more representative juries might be chosen, the prosecution would be more vigorous, and the prospects of a true trial might be improved. But federal criminal jurisdiction should not be extended if it can be avoided. What, then, can be done?

A small but important step forward might be taken if the organized bar could, by some miracle, be induced to recognize that it has a responsibility in the

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matter. That it is responsible is clear enough. Lawyers are not spectators of the judicial process; they are officers of the court and have specific obligations to assist in the administration of justice. In the counties and states where the all-white jury problem exists, there are lawyers who recognize the dangers implicit in any situation that tends to discredit the administration of justice. The performance of State Attorney Richmond M. Flowers in Alabama is a case in point. But individual lawyers are not likely to act and, where they have taken creditable positions, they have been driven from their practices. The problem is one for the organized bar of the nation. How long can the American Bar Association, for example, continue to ignore the harassment of Southern lawyers who have honored, under very difficult circumstances, their oath to support and defend the Constitution? Let a Francis X. Morrissey get into its limited range of interest and the American Bar Association will roar like a lion; but when all that is involved is the integrity of the judicial process itself, the lion retreats into its cage.

LATIN AMERICA

Continent on a Teeterboard . . Donald D. Ranstead

In the short run a non-military answer to subversion does not exist.
Rep. Dante B. Fascell (D., Fla.), A.P. Sept. 20

Military intervention to smash communism succeeds only in smashing the popular movement.
Father Roger Vekeman, S.J. (Sociologist and adviser to Chilean President Eduardo Frei), Channel 9 TV, Santiago de Chile, July 19

The Achilles' heel of this nation is Central and South America.
Rep. Daniel Flood (D., Pa.). A.P. Sept. 20

I have always condemned . . . the ideological counseling that the North Americans feel called upon to exercise on our peoples, in spite of not knowing or understanding them.
Chilean Senator Francisco Bulnes (Conservative), Ercilla, *Sept. 15*

Santiago de Chile

Before those USIS films arrived in South America showing the Marines dispensing chocolate bars to grateful children in the streets of Santo Domingo, at least one of the continent's artists expressed his feeling of horror of that "security" action. The canvas, now hanging prominently in Santiago de Chile's leading gallery, is entitled "Santo Domingo, Mayo 65"; it may not be another "Guernica," but it does manage to convey the same message to concerned democrats.

Anxiety in South America has grown appreciably these past six months in all but the ruling circles of military regimes. Since April 28, the split among the ten independent countries between those whose civil governments enjoy popular support in varying degrees and those which are *gorila* (military) regimes has widened. The line-up shows four countries—Brazil, Paraguay, Bolivia and Ecuador—as undemocratic in any meaning of the word. Few of the continent's democrats or intellectuals would agree with President Johnson's characterization of the coup of April, 1964, in Brazil and the junta which has since been in power as one of the "three positive events" in the first four years of the Alliance for Progress. Semi-democratic Argentina, Peru, Colombia and Venezuela, all of which have recently experienced relatively free elections, exist precariously and under threat primarily from *gorilas* on the Right, but also from intransigent activists of the extreme Left. Only Chile and Uruguay enjoy democracy in the American Civil Liberties Union sense of the word.

This "line-up" also cuts across boundary lines and splits the various countries themselves, especially within the "precarious four." The issue on which it thus divides the continent is how best to deal with popular discontent and/or "subversion." The responses range from "hard" Brazil to "soft" Chile. Brazil has made clear since its cooperation in the OAS force in Santo Domingo that it believes there should be a permanent Inter-American Peace Force. Foreign Minister Vasco Leito da Cunha put it dramatically in mid-June: "Through the concept of ideological frontier, the frontiers of Brazil can be extended, as the U. S. frontiers are extended in relation to Berlin." He further clarified the matter by saying that "danger of subversion" is "promoted from outside" Latin America and that the "most clear proofs of this aggression were in Cuba and the Dominican Republic."

By the end of August he was declaring that his country sympathized with Portugal's difficulties in containing "subversion" in its African colonies. Clearly the Brazilian *gorilas* see themselves as the Cossacks of two continents. Not unjustifiably, therefore, when Brazil blusters about the (undeniable) fact that democratic Uruguay "tolerates" within its borders followers of ex-President Goulart, as well as domestic "subversion," that small nation grows extremely anxious. And Brazil's reactionary press has repeatedly predicted that Chile's President Eduardo Frei would soon follow Goulart into the "ash can of history."

Perhaps that is because Chile's new Christian Democratic President has provided the most articulate rejoinder to Brazil's position. On July 24, for instance, he described a "vast popular movement seeking profound change" in Latin America and stressed that though there were Communist groups within this ground swell it was nevertheless a healthy movement. Most importantly, he stressed that "it would be very dangerous if this single fact [of Communist penetration] contributed to a policy which would place all popular movements under suspicion of being Communist." When Chile's Foreign Minister, Gabriel Valdés, stated recently before

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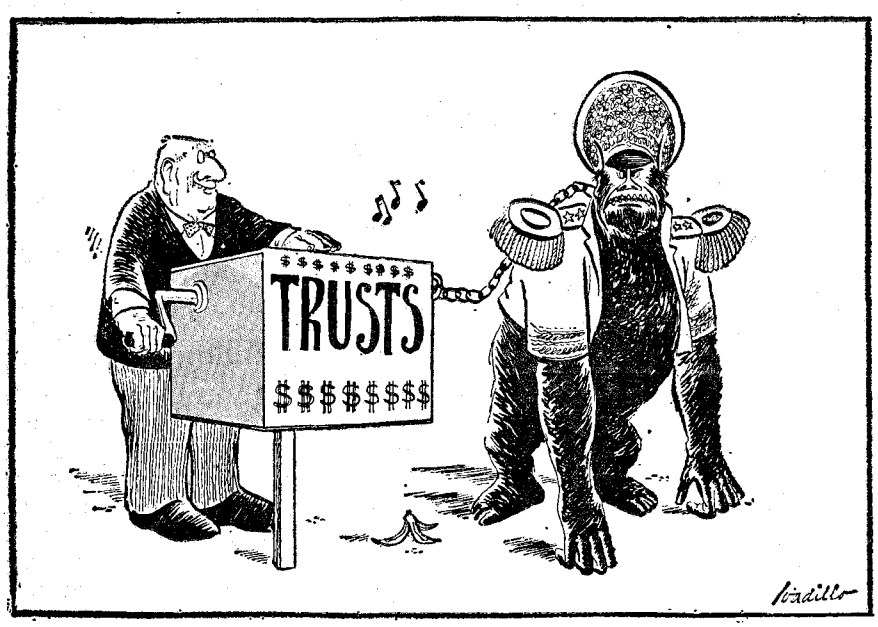
the UN Assembly that just as the old Holy Alliance tried in vain to impede progress, in order to defend a worn-out system, so would any new one be doomed to failure, there was little doubt that he had the projected Peace Force in mind.

There are many arguments against such a force besides that offered by Chile's Chief Executive — that reactionary governments "will feel each day more secure in their power," being convinced that the Marines will come to their aid when they characterize the opposition to their excesses as "Communist subversion." Such a force, given the continent's present division, would make the projected Common Market well-nigh impossible, since such arrangements presuppose mutual trust and scrupulous observance of the principle of nonintervention. Then again, the military approach always engenders an oversimplified remedy for complex social and economic issues and a disdain of popular feeling.

Most disastrously, the cost is ruinous. Quite literally, the choice is between President Frei's "*Revolución en Libertad*" or being saddled with gigantic arms budgets. German Chancellor Erhard told Gabriel Valdés last July that he could not understand how the underdeveloped countries of Latin America could dream of spending up to 30 per cent of their national budgets on arms. When one recognizes that the gross income of *all* of Latin America is a mere 10 per cent of that of the United States, the full enormity of buying just one modern bomber becomes apparent. The price of a single bomber could pay the total salary of 250,000 schoolteachers for one year in Chile. (Argentina has just purchased fifty Sky Hawks from the United States.) Finally, and all too reminiscently for North American liberals, reliance on police responses to "subversion" encourages rampant witch hunts. Father Vekeman of Chile put it succinctly when he declared: "The Johnson doctrine . . . is a type of neo-McCarthyism applied to the geopolitical interests of the United States."

Peru, one of the most teetering of the "precarious four," has been plagued by small bands of leftist guerrillas since last June. Two elements have an interest in exaggerating the importance of these bands: the Movement of the Revolutionary Left itself (MIR) and the reactionary opposition to the mildly reformist President Fernando Belaunde. The U. S. wire services have consistently characterized the MIR as "Communist," though A.P.'s "Man in Lima" must be aware that both the "Chinese" and "Moscow" Communists of that unfortunate country have condemned the uprising as "premature" and "adventurist." Luis de la Puente's MIR has disparaged in print these "old-line" organizations. Meanwhile, and predictably, the Right (which controls Parliament and most of the press) has accused the President of being "soft" on communism and is whipping up a first-class Red scare — investigating "subversion" in the universities and the like. Belaunde's attempt to minimize the actual military threat of the MIR has been seized upon by the local McCarthyites. This element speaks of the President's naïveté and clamors for arrests of well-known urban radicals — there have even been demands for the President's resignation. In the midst of this controversy, last August, the State Department saw fit to proclaim that of the countries of this hemisphere, Peru was second only to the Dominican Republic (!) as regards an internal threat of "Communist subversion." This declaration hardly helped Belaunde and his small band of beleaguered liberals. Naturally a U. S. military mission of Vietnam veterans is there to "cooperate" in putting down the rather pathetic group of rebels, and the French wire service has affirmed that napalm has been employed. Is anyone in the United States protesting (or even aware) that the death penalty is provided for captured guerrillas or for anyone aiding them? What if Fidel had made a like announcement!

A rightist coup in Peru would be a disaster from the point of view of Chile and all democrats of South America. One doubts if it would make page 3 two days running in *The New York Times*. A favorite liberal phrase in the United States has it that rightist dictators are "just as bad" as those of the Left. One wonders if they might have the courage—and intelligence—to join President Frei in asserting: "Communism is not as great a danger as a coup from the Right which hinders the progress and emancipation of Latin America." Until they can bring themselves to agree, they will always feel ambivalent about hemispheric "peace" forces. Considerably more than 200,000 Cuban refugees are now in the United States under the law providing solace for victims of *Communist* police states. The economic and political conditions in Paraguay, which has one-fourth the population of Cuba, are such that some 600,000 have chosen or been forced into exile in neighboring countries. Is there any talk of changing the law to include victims of *reactionary* regimes? Until there is, Latin America's liberals can only wonder at the strange mental world U.S. liberals live in. Yet liberals from both regions may rest assured that Paraguay's *Caudillo*, General Alfredo Stroessner, is not



La Prensa, Mexico; Ben Roth

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being neglected by some elements in the States: twenty of the leading functionaries of Paraguay's security police (reread *Our Man in Havana* for a description of the type) have been especially trained in counter-subversive techniques by the FBI in Washington.

President Johnson described the program of the Alliance on its fourth anniversary as the most important event in the hemisphere since 1492 (that's how it read in Spanish!), but the staunchly conservative pro-U.S. *Mercurio* of Santiago de Chile took a less hyperbolic view. In a diffident editorial on August 15 it sadly noted that foreign aid toward "military defense of the continent" was replacing aid for economic purposes and that this represented a "new factor of weakness" in the program of change as originally conceived. The "maintenance of the internal order, whether or not that order is democratic," seems to be the end result of four years of the Alliance. When the *Haitian* Ambassador to the OAS can speak, as he did last July, of the threat of subversion to the free and democratic institutions of the nations of the hemisphere and receive only applause, one must sadly agree with *Mercurio*.

The United States, being the greatest *status quo* power since Rome, would be hard put to perceive "genuine popular movements" under the best of circumstances. Wealth and complacency go together, along with varying degrees of *Angst* at the presence of "barbarians at the gates." One might have predicted that *Time's* Latin American editions would carry no news of President Frei's remarkably successful European trip of last July, but Italy's Foreign Minister was not being naive when he assured his Chilean counterpart that the dispatches of United States wire services had led him to believe that objections to American intervention in Santo Domingo came only from the extreme Left.

The United States presents two images to its southern neighbors. The first is that of eager, well-intentioned Peace Corps youths, doing their mite in rural and urban slums, the sending of relief to victims of earthquakes, and U.S. ambassadors opening new schools made possible by U.S. funds. The other picture is not so pleasant and a bit blurred: operating schools to train officers of *gorila* regimes in "counter-insurgency" techniques, insisting that OAS countries break *all* ties with Cuba regardless of how they perceive their own national interests, but above all, stressing the need for "order." The Pentagon is not alone in displaying this conservative psychology. The Inter-American Affairs Department of the AFL-CIO has been obstreperous from the beginning in its defense of the Santo Domingo intervention. By the end of August, its director had the presumption to declare that Dominican workers were ready to support "whatever provisional government is acceptable to the . . . OAS." Presumably he received his "information" from the CIA. It is fortunate for American industrial workers that the CIO was not so compliant toward the powers that be twenty-five years ago.

General Juan Carlos Onganía, Argentina's number one *gorila*, recently proclaimed that his country's army would stand shoulder to shoulder with Brazil's in the "never-ending struggle" to stamp out "subversion" anywhere on the continent. (The speech caused some embarrassment because neither the President nor parliament had been told of it beforehand—an oversight typical of political life in a "precarious democracy.") General Onganía visited Chile on the occasion of that country's Armed Forces Day (September 19), and one can only conjecture at the shock he must have suffered during Monseñor Rafael Maroto's sermon in the National Cathedral. The Monseñor, speaking of the Chilean democratic tradition, included Luis Reabarren, founder of the country's Communist party, in his list of Chile's "greats."

Generally the first question U.S. citizens ask on arriving in a Latin American country is: "Is there much of a Communist danger here?" —"Communist" and "danger" being usually run together as one word. (They seldom ask: How do the majority of the people live and do they enjoy civil liberties?) The fact that Chile has the largest Communist party in Latin America, with an active press, not to speak of five Senators, should frighten people convinced of the wisdom of the Johnson doctrine. Yet after these people have lived in Chile for a time they are no longer alarmed (similarly, Italy's Communists do not deter U.S. citizens from visiting that country in the millions). There are, then, Communists and Communists. And there are radical groups throughout South America that seem to behave like Communists, but are not. One wonders what the "terrible simplifiers" (Communist and anti-Communist) make of Brazil's recent attempt to negotiate a $250 million loan in Moscow.

As long as people like Juana Castro, who lectures HUAC on the Red menace south of the border and eagerly endorses the "principle" of intervention, are looked to as experts, the United States Congress will do foolish things. The House of Representatives (and one is afraid that they *are* representative in their view of subversion in the hemisphere) evidently disagrees with Samuel Johnson. The legislators seemed to have been "filling" instead of "clearing" their minds of cant before they passed on September 20 that peculiar resolution endorsing the unilateral use of force by the United States or by any other Western Hemisphere country to prevent a Communist take-over anywhere in the hemisphere. Even the Brazilian press wondered what had possessed these Congressmen to make such a declaration on the eve of the OAS conference. To declare unilateral intervention a "right," without even seeing the necessity of amending the OAS Charter (not to mention that of the UN), was strange enough, but to reaffirm the principles of the Monroe Doctrine in 1965 strikes all literate South Americans as positively weird. Not being in a position to know, here in Chile, one nevertheless suspects that *Pravda's* protest was the one played up in the United States. The truly important fact is that the parliaments of Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, Uruguay and Chile all emphatically rejected the House resolution. Of the six stable and "precarious" democracies, only Argentina neglected to condemn officially the "feeling of the House." The Christian Democratic President of Chile's lower house spoke for millions when he asserted that only if the United States Government and State Department "firmly and openly contradict the Resolution" can some of the damage be undone. But when that oft-postponed OAS conference does meet on November 17, in Rio de Janiero, the United States will have at least four South American countries on its side—they have no parliaments.

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Profits vs. Engineering

THE CORVAIR STORY . . . . . Ralph Nader

In August of 1961, Mrs. Rose Pierini lost her left arm when the 1961 Chevrolet Corvair she was driving turned turtle just beyond the San Marcos overpass on Hollister Street in Santa Barbara, Calif. Exactly thirty-four months later, in the same city, General Motors decided to pay Mrs. Pierini $70,000 rather than continue a trial which for three days had threatened to expose on the public record certain driving characteristics of their brand-new automobile.

Mrs. Pierini's experience with a Corvair that went suddenly out of control was not unique. Too many Corvairs of this model have shown such inclinations for her case to be singular. What was distinctive about the "accident" was the attempt to find the cause of it on the basis of investigation, instead of resorting to the customary practice of automatically blaming the driver.

As described by a California Highway Patrol officer, John Bortolozzo, who witnessed the flip-over while motoring in the opposite direction, the Pierini vehicle was traveling about 35 miles per hour in a 35-mph zone in the right lane headed toward Goleta. He saw the car move toward the right side of the road near the shoulder and then "all of a sudden the vehicle made a sharp cut to the left and swerved over." Bortolozzo testified at the trial that he rushed over to the wreck and with two other men helped Mrs. Pierini out of the vehicle while trying to stop the torrent of blood gushing forth from the stub of her arm. She was very calm, observed Bortolozzo, only saying that "something went wrong with my steering."

The officer made a check of the vehicle while it was on its top. He noticed that the left rear tire was deflated. Looking at the road, he noticed some gouge marks made by the metal rim of the left rear tire. He gave his opinion at the trial that the distinctive design features of the Corvair caused it to go out of control and flip over as had other Corvairs in accidents he had investigated. It was during the cross-examination of Officer Bortolozzo by defense lawyers that General Motors decided to settle the case.

Up to this point no engineering experts had been called to testify by plaintiff Pierini, but already the case had been going badly for General Motors. Two members of the respected California Highway Patrol had taken direct aim on the Corvair design. One of them, Charles Hanna, mentioned a confidential circular put out by the highway patrol which dealt with handling hazards of certain rear-engine cars, including the Corvair. Hanna, a fourteen-year veteran of the patrol who had investigated over 4,000 accidents, testified that "I have had many, many chances to observe accidents involving this type of vehicle. And they all have the same type of pattern."

Mr. James A. Johnson, service manager of Washburn Chevrolet Company, where the Pierini Corvair was purchased, told the court that his company sold an accessory specially designed for the Corvair by a nearby manufacturer. Attached underneath the vehicle to each end of the lower control arms, this accessory reduced excessive caving-in, or tuck-under, of the rear wheels on cornering or other stress situations.

The dealership's proprietor, Shelton B. Washburn, confirmed that as early as 1961 General Motors provided dealers with regular production option 696, which they could sell to Corvair owners. RPO 696 included heavier suspension springs and shock absorbers, a front stabilizer bar, and rear-axle rebound straps to reduce tuck-under. This RPO was a factory-installed kit and not openly advertised. It was intended to meet the demands of knowledgeable Corvair owners who take their cornering seriously.

Mr. Johnson, in reply to questioning by plaintiff's counsel, stated that he had been at a General Motors training center at Burbank in 1959 to receive instructions and training about the new Corvair model. There, General Motors personnel told him that the differential tire pressures, front and rear, in Corvair automobiles were a critical factor in their stability. There followed this exchange:

Counsel: *Were you instructed by your superiors to tell members of the public that tire pressures on the Corvair were vital, important, crucial, and critical?*

Johnson: *No.*

Counsel: *Did you instruct your subordinates to tell members of the public and customers of Washburn Chevrolet that tire pressures on the Corvair were vital, important, crucial, or critical?*

Johnson: *We didn't tell the public this, no.*

Counsel: *Is it true that tire pressures on a Corvair are a must: they have got to be just right for the stability of the car?*

Johnson: *Yes.*

When General Motors called a halt at this point, Judge Percy C. Heckendorf appeared as one summarily deprived of a great drama. He told the court: "I am disappointed from your standpoint, members of the jury, that you are not going to be able to see both sides perform and hear their arguments and go into it. It is a real experience and I would love to have heard that."

Other judges in this country are not likely to be so deprived. Even at the time of the Pierini case, there were more than thirty cases filed against General Motors in the Los Angeles area—all alleging in common that Corvairs went suddenly and unexpectedly out of control. General Motors lawyers knew what they were doing in settling the Pierini case. A jury verdict against the company might have ignited a mass litigation over the entire country at a far faster pace than was actually occurring.

The Corvair's peculiar friskiness had not escaped the notice of the automobile writers and editors who put out those sprightly car magazines that fill shelves in drugstores. To this animated cult of auto lovers, the introduction of the "Waterless Wonder from Willow Run" into a world of automobile design, mired for three dec-

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Ralph Nader is an attorney who has long been interested in safety problems relating to the automobile. This article is adapted from a chapter in his Unsafe at Any Speed, *to be published this month by Grossman.*

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ades in the rut of follow-the-crowd compromises, was a dream realized. The Corvair was different. It was the first modern American automobile to offer a swing-axle independent rear suspension with an aluminum, air-cooled engine mounted in the rear. This was news, challenge, and controversy —the combination that makes for good copy and lively reading. Immediately following the car's introduction in September, 1959, the articles began pouring forth on the Corvair road tests, on its rear-engine placement and its suspension system. By 1963, sports car racer and writer Denise McCluggage could begin an article on Corvair handling idiosyncracies with words that assumed a knowing familiarity by her auto buff readers: "Seen any Corvairs lately with the back end smashed in? Chances are they weren't run into, but rather ran into something while going backwards. And not in reverse gear, either."

Then Miss McCluggage went on to describe a phenomenon she termed a "sashay through the boonies, back-end first." "The classic Corvair accident is a quick spin in a turn and swoosh!—off the road backwards. Or, perhaps, if half-corrective measures are applied, the backward motion is arrested, the tires claw at the pavement and the car is sent darting across the road to the other side. In this case there might be some front end damage instead."

Was Miss McCluggage trying to frighten anyone? Not in the least. The vehicle's provocative movements were not to be viewed pessimistically as a danger, but merely as a challenge to driving expertise. The Corvair on a sudden detour could be "brought back" before reaching the point of no return, according to the author, given know-how, anticipation and concentration.

Not all this country's 95 million drivers, however, could qualify for the Shell 4,000 Rally. For the 99 per cent not in Miss McCluggage's class, the automobile "after-market" entrepreneurs provided other remedies. Hardly had the first Corvair hit the highway in 1959 before an enterprising company in Riverside, Calif., EMPI, realized that money was to be made from the Corvair's engineering faults. The company developed, tested and began to sell an accessory rear stabilizer called the EMPI Camber Compensator that was specially designed for installation beneath the rear suspension control arms of Corvairs. Quite simply, it was a bar to help keep the wheels in optimum contact with the roadway.

EMPI advertised broad claims for its device: "keeps wheels on the ground," "designed and engineered to correct oversteer," "increases stability in winds," "reduces body sway," "lowers roll center," "reduces lean on turns." Estimates of the compensator's effectiveness in meeting all of EMPI's declared objectives varied, but there was a solid consensus that these objectives defined very real Corvair problems. And there was widespread endorsement that the compensator was a sizable step forward in safety.

EMPI was not the only company offering stabilizing equipment for the Corvair. Several competitors entered the field as the commentary began to build up from the auto magazines. A reader of such magazines who owned a Corvair could well become interested in extra equipment after seeing such reports as:

—The car can be a handful if the driver doesn't understand its peculiarities.

—The rear weight bias and independent springing together *give the car rather unsettling properties at higher speeds. Take cornering, for example. The rear starts to swing outward. The rear tires dig in but the shift in weight places them at rather odd angles relative to the pavement. These angles are great enough to increase steering force and, suddenly, the car is negotiating a tighter curve than intended. The phenomenon of oversteer has intruded into the scene.*

—Another problem with the Corvair is *extreme sensitivity to cross winds. If a sudden gust hits the car, it causes the rear to sway rather severely.*

The foregoing comments are made by men who know the Corvair and are enthusiastic about the relative newness of its engineering as far as mass-produced American cars are concerned. Their criticisms are serious and are meant to be taken as such by their authors. But critics are not necessarily crusaders. They never indulge in commentary about the kind of engineering and management operations within General Motors which led to such an unsafe vehicle. In the automobile magazine world such commentary is considered poor taste. It may also be indiscreet. One concentrates on the vehicle, not on its makers.

But the auto magazines and the Corvair specialists did have an effect on General Motors and its Chevrolet division. Not that any defects in the vehicle's handling were suddenly revealed to Chevrolet's engineers. Whatever the independent specialists could do by way of testing and modifying, Chevrolet could do better. And when a prosperous business can be built up by small companies on the basis of making Corvairs safer, the obvious implication is that the factory models are dangerous, and that implication might seep beyond the tight little world of auto fans and magazines. It took General Motors four years of the model and 1,124,076 Corvairs before they decided to do something for all unsuspecting Corvair buyers by installing standard equipment to help control the car's handling hazards.

Ever since the Corvair was introduced, General Motors' official reaction to criticisms has been silence. The handling hazards of Corvairs did not proceed from engineering mysteries or the prevalence of one technical school of thought over another. The Corvair was a tragedy, not a blunder. The tragedy was overwhelmingly caused by cutting corners to shave costs. This happens all the time in the automobile industry, but with the Corvair it happened in a big way. What was there for General Motors to say?

The tragedy of the Corvair did not begin that 30th day of September in 1959 when it went on display in dealer showrooms. Nor did it begin when Ford test drivers got hold of two Corvairs somewhat prematurely from a dealer in early September, and had them go out of control at the company's test track. It began with the conception and development of the Corvair by leading GM engineers — Edward Cole, Harry Barr, Robert Schilling, Kai Hansen and Frank Winchell.

Cole, now a General Motors executive vice president, provided the managerial ignition. He was an old devotee of rear-engined cars and right after World War II became involved with a short-lived experimental Cadillac having a rear en-

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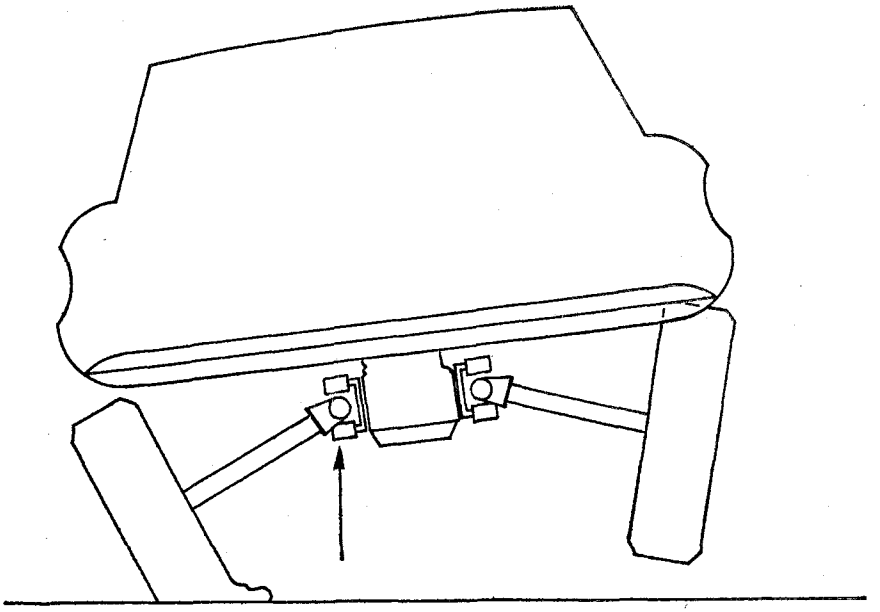

Positions assumed by rear wheels of unmodified Corvair showing breakaway, extreme tuck-under and incipient roll-over.

gine. A prototype, ponderously bedecked with dual tires at the rear for stability, was soon shelved. Cole, however, continued to be attracted by the idea of a rear-engined car and he carried it over with him to Chevrolet and developed a project proposal as he rose in that division's hierarchy. In 1955, as chief engineer of Chevrolet, Cole saw a market for a small, "compact" car. Already an unpretentious import with a rear, air-cooled engine and independent suspension was "pretesting" the American market with rising commercial success. But Cole and his associates were not in any mind merely to produce an American imitation of the Volkswagen. This was to be a brand new kind of car utilizing the lessons of past models and the advances of the latest automotive technology. When he rose to head Chevrolet division in the summer of 1956, Cole put some of his finest engineering talent to work on preliminary design operations. In the spring of 1957, Barr, Schilling and Hansen made formal presentations before the top-level GM engineering policy committee and the executive committee. It was then that the official go-ahead to build the Corvair was given to Chevrolet. Kai Hansen was made head of the project.

Hansen's group knew well the kinds of priorities which would force them to dilute their engineering standards. First, the new automobile had to sell well and make a "target rate of return" on investment. The way to do this, General Motors' management decided, was to make a small, lighter car, with fuel economy, which would seat six passengers comfortably and give a ride comparable to a standard Chevrolet passenger sedan. If these objectives could be achieved, the quest for maximum profit would have reached new frontiers. An automobile achieving a reduction of 1,332 pounds of material, or more than one-third the weight of a standard 1960 Chevrolet, that could sell for only about $200 less than standard models, would constitute a marvel of production cost efficiency and sales ingenuity.

In January, 1960, Hansen told a meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers: "Our first objective, once the decision was made to design a smaller, lighter car, was to attain good styling proportions. Merely shortening the wheel base and front and rear overhang was not acceptable. To permit lower overall height and to accommodate six adult passengers, the floor hump for the drive shaft had to go. Eliminating the conventional drive shaft made it essential then that the car have either rear-engine, rear-drive or front-engine, front-drive."

Chevrolet engineers decided that the best and most "aesthetically pleasant" utilization of passenger space dictated the use of a rear-engine, rear-drive design. Hansen's job was to get the various factors working for safe handling—principally, front and rear weight distribution, tire-pressure differentials and tire design, suspension geometry, and relative dynamic behavior in the front and rear — and still keep a soft ride and maximum cost reduction.

Hansen and his fellow engineers could not have been under any misapprehension as to the magnitude of the handling challenge before them. They had to deal with by far the heaviest rear-engined automobile in the Western world, having between 60 and 63 per cent of its weight on the rear wheels. This fact alone posed handling problems considerably in excess of those afflicting the smaller and lighter rear-engined European cars. Ocee Ritch, a well-known California auto specialist, describes the consequences of this weight and size difference between rear-engined cars by way of simple analogy: "If you swing a bucket at the end of a short rope and accidentally hit your brother in the head, is he more apt to suffer a concussion if the bucket is empty or full? Similarly, if you increase the length of the rope and swing it at the same speed, will it cause more damage?

Hansen has never publicly stated what choices he would have preferred to take had he been given more authority against the erosive demands of the professional stylists and the cost department. The secret world of the automobile industry does not encourage free and open engineering discussion of alternative courses of action. But on occasion there is an exposition of what was actually done. Before a meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers on April 1, 1960, in Detroit, Charles Rubly, a Chevrolet engineer who worked on the Corvair, gave his colleagues the practical considerations: "One of the obvious questions is: 'If you wish more of the *roll couple* to be taken on the front wheels, why did you leave the stabilizer off?' First, we felt the slight amount of gain realized did not warrant the cost; secondly, we did not wish to pay the penalty of increased road noise and harshness that results from use of a stabilizer. Another question that no doubt can be asked is why did we choose an independent rear suspension of this particular type? There are other swing-axle rear suspensions, of course, that permit transferring more of the roll couple to the front end. Our selection of this particular type of a swing-axle

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rear suspension is based on: (1) lower cost, (2) ease of assembly, (3) ease of service, and (4) simplicity of design. We also wished to take advantage of coil springs . . . in order to obtain a more pleasing ride. . . ."

Mr. Rubly's four reasons could be reduced to one: lower cost. Having made such concessions, the Corvair engineers had to compensate for the strong oversteering tendency of the design. This was done by recommending to the Corvair owner certain critical tire-pressure differentials which he should maintain between front and rear wheels. Corvair buyers received this advisory near the end of the owner's manual: "Over-steer problems may also be encountered with incorrect pressures. Maintain the recommended inflation pressures at all times."

No definition of "over-steer" is given in the manual. The recommended pressures are 15 psi (pounds per square inch) on the front wheels and 26 psi on the rear wheels when cold (defined as "after car has been parked for three hours or more or driven less than one mile") and 18 psi front and 30 psi rear when "hot." According to the Chevrolet division, such pressure differences promote vehicle stability by introducing proper steer characteristics.

It is well established that cornering stability can be improved with any weight distribution, front or rear, by manipulating tire-inflation pressures. But no policy which throws the burden of such stability on the driver by requiring him to monitor closely and persistently tire-pressure differentials can be described as sound or sane engineering practice. The prominent automotive engineer Robert Janeway expressed a deeply rooted technical opinion in engineering circles when he evaluated the use of this human expedient: "Instead of stability being inherent in the vehicle design, the operator is relied upon to maintain a required pressure differential in front and rear tires. This responsibility, in turn, is passed along to service station attendants, who are notoriously unreliable in abiding by requested tire pressures. There is also serious doubt whether the owner or service man is fully aware of the importance of maintaining the recommended pressures."

Corvair dealers and salesmen have widely varying opinions about what are the best tire pressures. It is unusual to find one who adheres to or agrees with the owner's manual recommendations, although recently Chevrolet directives have reiterated the need for following the manual's figures. The apathy among dealers about the function of proper pressures for Corvair handling is quite unsettling. Dealer employees have routinely suggested to inquirers equivalent or near-equivalent tire pressure between front and rear. A Washington, D.C., dealer advised with assurance, "Carry 24 pounds in the front tires and 26 pounds in the rear." The owner's manual was wrong, he said, and concluded with the aside, "Cars are like women. They're all different."

The Corvair driver becomes puzzled on confronting such a range of advice. If he writes to the Chevrolet division for clarification, he receives a reply assuring him that the manual's recommendations are the optimum tire pressures and were derived after exhaustive research and testing. But clearly a more heavily loaded Corvair, such as one with five passengers, requires different tire pressures to minimize differences in tire deflections front and rear. Corvair engineers knew about this problem and considered raising the recommended rear-tire pressures. Once again, however, they succumbed to the great imperative—a soft ride. Rubly recounts it plainly enough: "The 28 psi would reduce the rear-tire deflection enough but we did not feel that we should compromise ride and add harshness because under hot conditions tire pressures increase 3 to 4 psi." Remarks such as these make it difficult to give full credence to company claims and advice dealing with automotive safety. For behind the façade of engineering authority is the reality of the "trade off" — auto industry cant for the bare-bones concessions to the cost and style men. The engineering assurances cannot be taken at face value in such a context of undisclosed compromise.

Another area intimately related to Corvair stability is the load-carrying capacity of the tires. According to the Tire and Rim Association, a tire industry standards group, the maximum-rated loaded capacity of the size tire used on the Corvair is 835 pounds per tire at 24 psi. These maximum-rated loads are derived after compromise between the tire manufacturers and the automobile companies. Yet even under these less than stringent standards, the rear tires of the Corvair are ordinarily overloaded with two or more passengers. In a deposition taken on behalf of General Motors in one of the Corvair cases, tire specialist Raymond B. Stringfield stated that four passengers would definitely overload the tires. He was questioned about the tire *air-out* during cornering. His reply: "The Corvair is, with any passengers at all, very near the maximum-rated load on the rear tires and a sudden thrust [as when a wheel is making a turn] is capable of forcing the bead inward, unless the air pressure is sufficiently high to resist it. . . ."

"Under-tired" vehicles are not new to the automobile industry. Since the end of World War I, progressively shaving costs off tires has been one of the cost department's most successful triumphs. A multiplier is operating here; a saving on one tire means savings on all five tires. But although it is not uncommon for other vehicles, overloading tires on the Corvair, in combination with its other unique features, such as weight distribution, can be particularly hazardous.

With such a precarious weight distribution and tire load, Chevrolet division's relocation of the spare tire from the front, where it was in the 1960 Corvair, to the rear for the 1961 Corvair Monza, was greeted with sheer incredulity by independent Corvair specialists. The reason for the switch was to increase the luggage space in the front "trunk." This switch not only added to the rear-end weight but exposed the tire in the engine compartment to possibly harmful temperatures.

It would not be fair to say that the Corvair engineers designed a vehicle but forgot the driver. They knew the risks in a design where the car usurps the driving task under certain expected stresses of highway travel. These stresses occur not just in high-speed emergency conditions but in ordinary driving situations within legal-speed limits. The combination of factors which leads to the critical point of control loss may occur with a statistical infrequency, but the traditional integrity of automotive design has been to embrace just such situa-

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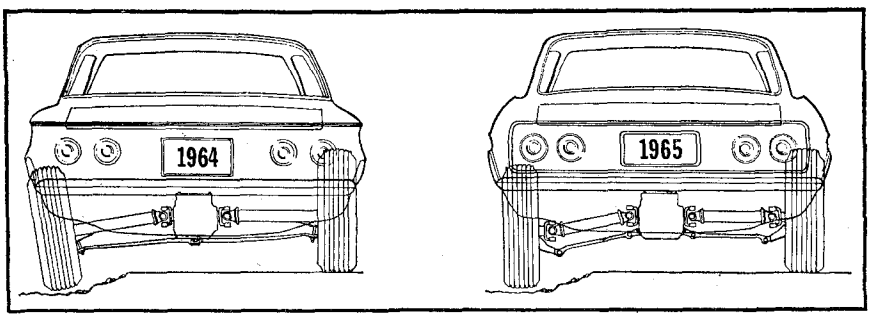
tions. When it serves their promotional interests, the automobile manufacturers show great concern about the most infrequently occurring situations. A continuing illustration is the elaborate defenses which they make for producing vehicles with up to 400 horsepower and a speed capability reaching 150 miles per hour. Is such power and speed hazardous? Not at all, claim the companies, for they provide an important margin of safety in emergency conditions. Apparently emergency conditions include speeds up to and over 100 miles an hour.

The men who headed the Corvair project knew that the driver should be given a vehicle whose handling is both controllable and predictable. They knew that impossible demands could be placed upon the driver by an inherently oversteering behavior. For the past thirty-five years, American cars have been designed to be basically understeering. The Corvair was the first mass-produced exception. Dr. Thomas Manos, the highly respected automotive engineering professor of the University of Detroit, is not teaching Hansen's group anything they do not know when he states his judgment about oversteering automobiles: "The driver must become aware that he has to continually fight the wheel or continuously correct because he is the factor which makes the vehicle a stable piece of equipment."

There is no dispute in automotive-engineering literature that an oversteering, rear-engined vehicle demands more attention on the part of the driver during cornering and other situations where centrifugal forces come into play. The reason for this is plain. John Gordon's explanation is helpful. "If you're making a right-hand turn, there's a tendency for the car to move more to the right than you will anticipate it would in relation to the amount of movement you put on the steering wheel." Robert Janeway, former director of Chrysler's research department, holds that an oversteer condition "is both disconcerting and dangerous except to an expert driver of sports cars or racing cars. The required reversal of steering-wheel direction after initiating the turn is an unstable situation that is difficult for the ordinary driver to handle without overcorrection, with potentially dangerous swings on both sides of the proper curved path. From the standpoint of safety, oversteer is an intolerable condition and has always been recognized as such by the industry in the U.S." The instability of rear-engined oversteering vehicles on a straight road when there are cross winds is also a well-known phenomenon.

During the design stage, Hansen's group tried to counteract the Corvair's inherent oversteer by employing wider wheel rims for increased tire-cornering power and by building some understeer into both front and rear suspension systems according to well-known principles. But it is clear that they were not permitted to go as far as sound engineering practices should have dictated. The type of swing-axle rear suspension used on the 1960-64 Corvairs contained a hazard that was quite independent of the engine location. The rear wheel is mounted on a control arm which hinges and pivots on an axis at the inboard end of the arm near the center of the vehicle. This design encourages tuck-under of the outside wheel on cornering which reduces the wheel's cornering capability and aggravates the oversteer effect. Until the 1964 Corvair, the only component limiting downward wheel travel was the shock absorber—a function which shock absorbers are not designed to serve.



Corvair rear-suspension actions compared. Note that with new models wheels no longer change camber as they move down to accommodate road conditions.

What most sets the 1960-63 Corvairs apart from light foreign vehicles, with comparable percentages of weight distribution and swing axles, is the sudden onset of the critical point at which the vehicle goes out of control and frequently flips over. This point is reached by any number of combinations of vehicle speed, radius of curve, and tire-inflation pressures. For example, tests have shown that a Corvair can lurch out of control at about 22 mph, with 26 psi in front and rear tires, and turning on a 50 degree radius of curvature. At higher speeds, a less sharp curve is required to achieve the same rear-end breakaway, but passing maneuvers on a highway could easily involve a severe turn during the swing out and in. Janeway points out that "critical speeds can occur in the normal driving speed range on sharp curves even at moderate degrees of oversteer." Other makes of vehicles can be made to oversteer through drastic tire inflation differentials, or very heavy loading, but as the forces produced mount toward the critical point, they give a warning to the driver in the "feedback" he receives through the steering wheel, if indeed he is not forewarned by the underinflated tires before or as he gets under way.

The Corvair is different in the 1960-63 models and to a lesser extent in the 1964 model. At a critical point of lateral acceleration (or centrifugal force), there is a sudden rear-wheel tuck-under. Technically, the positive camber increases radically 4° to 10° or 11° camber—a horrifying shift causing violent skidding, rear-end breakaway or vehicle roll-over. The change occurs without any warning and in an instant. A variety of disturbing forces may cause this sudden tuck-under —tire blowouts, gusts of cross wind, the second leg of an S-shaped curve or a comparable cornering maneuver. Near the critical point, it takes an expert driver to provide the corrective steering action—assuming that highway conditions permit and there are no obstructions, such as another vehicle or a tree. The car was built and sold as "easy handling," "as a family sedan," as a car that "purrs for the girls," according to some of the General Motors advertisements.

In ways wholly unique, the Corvair can become a single-minded, aggressive machine. One factor that

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has been noticed in many single-car Corvair upsets is that the rear wheel tucks under and the rim touches the roadway. When this occurs no driver can control the vehicle, which will either swerve wildly or, more likely, turn over. Rim scrapings or gouge marks on the road have become the macabre trademark of Corvairs that went unexpectedly out of control.

The Corvair tragedy consisted of a series of lost opportunities. At the time the vehicle was being designed and tested in prototype, the Chevrolet division had fully developed and rigorous proving-ground, laboratory, and theoretical tests for determining vehicle-handling characteristics and directional stability. Proving-ground facilities were equipped with instruments for evaluating the sensitivity of a vehicle and its tendencies to oversteer under a wide range of conditions. At the same time, General Motors had instruments which could even have programed steering responses of the driver and determined the extent of "feedback" that the operator depends upon, from the handling behavior of the vehicle, to govern his driving actions. As far back as 1953, Lyle A. Walsh of the GM engineering staff was writing in the *General Motors Engineering Journal* about well-established techniques of putting a car's suspension system under the scrutiny of scientific laboratories while the car was in action. In 1958, the same journal contained a report by Chevrolet engineers Robert W. Graham and Ronald E. Shafer about a new simulator to test vehicle suspensions. A year later, Chevrolet's Max M. Roensch described the 4-year-old Chevrolet engineering laboratory, including the elaborate test and development techniques available to supplement the findings of the General Motors proving ground under actual vehicle driving conditions.

Obviously, proving grounds, laboratory and theoretical testing and analysis provided the Corvair engineers with the data to document thoroughly the design limitations of the Corvair before it went into production. Professor Manos, who views the tuck-under problem as the most serious defect of the 1960-1963 Corvairs, has said that he would flunk any student who would not work this calculation out in an automotive engineering course. It is just that elementary and crucial a calculation to vehicle safety.

Yet a safer Corvair suspension system was not forthcoming—not in 1960, not in 1961, not in 1962, and not in 1963. With the receipt of hundreds of written complaints sent to General Motors by people whose Corvairs had suddenly gone out of control, and the real threat of many lawsuits which must have been anticipated by company lawyers, the absence of any corrective action year after year can be explained only by bureaucratic rigidities and abject subservience to cost reduction.

But at last, with the 1964 model, Chevrolet moved to make improvements. A transverse leaf spring in the rear and a front anti-sway bar were included as standard equipment for 1964 models. The leaf spring served much the same function as the EMPI camber compensator and substantially reduced the tuck-under hazard. The 1965 Corvair came out with a more fundamental change in the form of a link-type suspension with dual control arms. These improvements represented new company policy, but not engineering innovations. They drew on well-developed knowledge that went back into GM's empirical work during the thirties and extending to the experimental rear-engined race car developed after World War II by Chevrolet's key suspension engineer, Zora Arkus-Duntov.

While General Motors may have finally lumbered into engineering improvements, it would be corporate heresy for the proud industry leader to worry about the hundreds of thousands of Corvairs waiting for the law of averages to catch up with them on some S-curve or breezy straightaway. After all, those Corvairs were already sold.

At the May, 1965, annual shareholders meeting in Detroit's vast Cobo Hall, Dr. Seymour Charles, a General Motors stockholder and the founder of the Physicians for Automobile Safety, rose to plead with management to call back to dealer stations all remaining 1960-63 Corvairs in order that life-saving stabilizing components might be installed. Dr. Charles was not able to arrive at a cost estimate since there is no way of knowing how many such Corvairs are still roaming the highways. (*Motor Trend*'s technical editor, Jim Wright, noted in 1963 that the "wrecking yards have a good selection these days.") But assuming that a million cars have survived, the most that such a recall would cost would be $25 million: equivalent to a half-day's gross sales, or less than five days' net profits (after taxes) to General Motors.

On the platform in front of Dr. Charles were General Motors' board chairman, Frederic G. Donner, and its president, John G. Gordon. Mr. Donner was presiding over the meeting. He deflected the request by inviting Dr. Charles to come up after the meeting to discuss his problems with several of the executives.

Mr. Gordon sat impassively watching Dr. Charles become the first shareholder ever to raise openly at a General Motors annual meeting the question of specific unsafe vehicle design. At the time of GM approval of Chevrolet's Corvair design in 1957, Gordon was group vice president of the body and assembly divisions. This entitled him to membership on both the top-level engineering policy group and the executive committee which approved the Corvair design. He was one of the five men responsible for final approval of the most "revolutionary" automotive package which GM had ever presented to the domestic market. As an automotive engineer with several patents to his credit, Mr. Gordon might have been expected to interest himself in this substantial debut. Yet on April 10, 1965, under deposition, Mr. Gordon stated that he did not recall the Corvair design's being presented to the engineering policy group. He admitted that he did not know what kind of rear-end suspension was on the Corvair design that was approved for production by his committees.

Gordon became president of General Motors in 1958. In the ensuing seven years he ordered no inquiry into the Corvair design, in spite of rising and unprecedented litigation, owner complaints and detailed confidential company-sponsored investigations of Corvair accidents involving directional instability. He had never heard of the stabilizing equipment produced especially for the Corvair by other, smaller manufacturers.

In his defense, Gordon says his duties were primarily administrative and that he relied on subordinates with technical competence. One such technical subordinate was Charles Chayne, vice president of

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engineering. In the May-June, 1956 issue of the *General Motors Engineering Journal*, he wrote that one function of the engineering policy group was "to keep informed on the behavior of our products in the hands of our customers so that improvements and corrections can be made if required." He then stated a key principle of General Motors' operating philosophy: "Coordinated control refers to the formulation of overall policy and control of the flow of information. A two-way flow of information exists at each level of management — the downward flow from authority and the upward flow from initiative."

In the making of the Corvair, there was a breakdown in this flow of both authority and initiative. Initiative would have meant an appeal by the Corvair design engineers to top management to overrule the cost cutters and stylists whose incursions had placed unsafe constraints on engineering choice. There are, however, deterrents to such action. It is to the keepers of those most sacred totems—cost reduction and style—that corporate status and authority accrue. Anyone skeptical about the role of pennies in the production of America's most expensive durable consumer product should heed what Buick's Edward Ragsdale says about putting a new car into production: "Cost estimates are given the closest possible scrutiny, and they frequently are calculated to the fourth and fifth decimal place. The difference of just two cents per car doesn't sound like very much—but at current production rates, two cents a car may mean $10,000 for the model run. Hence the cost decision has a great bearing upon all proposed changes."

With a spectacular profit record and more than 50 per cent of the domestic automobile market, General Motors is least vulnerable to competitive pressures that might have been the reason for cutting costs at the expense of Corvair safety. It is not commonly realized that General Motors' return on invested capital and its net income as a percentage of its sales are about double those of its nearest competitor —the Ford Motor Company. In 1964, for example, Ford had a net income, as a percentage of sales, of 5.6 per cent and an 11.3 per cent return on invested capital. The comparable General Motors figures were 10.2 per cent and 20.4 per cent, respectively. These are remarkable differences in American industry for the two leading companies in a highly concentrated product line such as automobiles. It might not have been surprising, if still shocking, to have a Corvair-type tragedy issue from an auto manufacturer whose declining sales and high costs were driving it to the wall. But coming from General Motors, such behavior—and the fact that it is tolerated—is a symptom of a sickness that radiates beyond corporate borders and into society.

On May 18, 1956, almost a year before the Corvair project was launched, GM's prolific inventor, Maurice Olley, filed a patent application (issued as No. 2,911,052 on November 3, 1959) in which he said what he thought of the Corvair-type suspension: "The ordinary swing axle, under severe lateral forces produced by cornering, tends to lift the rear end of the vehicle so that both wheels assume severe positive camber positions to such an extent that the vehicle not only 'oversteers' but actually tends to roll over. In addition, the effect is non-linear and increases suddenly in a severe turn, thus presenting potentially dangerous vehicle handling characteristics."

Olley's judgment was ignored.

Notes on the Toronto Teach-In

The Irrelevance of Morality . . .

Robert H. Welker

The International Teach-in held at the University of Toronto over the October 8 weekend was in all outward aspects a thorough success. Except for the unhappy incident involving the denial of the stage to Michael Myerson, a University of California graduate student, it was expertly planned and smoothly presented. Many thousands attended each session (held in the varsity arena) and reacted spiritedly: more than once, for example, A. A. Berle drew laughter and boos and cries of "Liar!" when in various ways he declared "self-determination" to be the basis for U. S. policy in Latin America. Numerous foreign speakers gave a proper complexity of tone to the discussions. Only the published proceedings or at least a replay of the tapes can provide the sources for the kind of study these sessions deserve; meanwhile, enough was said in defense of U. S. policies (especially in Southeast Asia) to allow some preliminary comments on the current official line. With this reminder, however: no actual State Department official appeared (although several had been invited), and hence advantageous deviations were permitted — concerning the wisdom of the Dominican adventure, for example.

Mr. Berle, listed as "a consultant to the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Rusk," presumably echoed the line most precisely, but he pitched his argument at such a low level of plausibility (and, some would say, at such a high level of self-satisfaction) that little that was useful emerged. It was not so with two other U. S. apologists, Prof. Robert Scalapino of Berkeley, and Prof. Z. K. Brzezinski of Columbia. Mr. Scalapino seemed to repeat a good deal of the speech he gave at the Washington Teach-in last spring, but he was still well worth listening to; and Mr. Brzezinski, who also appeared in Washington, had in the meantime so polished and updated his material that he seemed to repeat scarcely at all. Both performances were first rate, and from the latter, especially, it is possible to infer the New Line out of Washington. It is "new" only superficially, of course, but nicely streamlined

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"Why Can't Y'all Get Along Peaceable Like?"

and not in the least implausible. Let me try to give the essentials:

(1) Pluralism. *The real world is multiform, complex, turbulent, imperfect, unpredictable; hence policies which are to accord with "reality" or "the facts" must adapt to this* plural *rather than to any* single *reality. (Marxism, a "rigid" philosophy, can never do this; but Americans have always been adaptable, inclusive, free and easy.) Recognition of this pluralism must surely lead to*

(2) Pragmatism. *Policies must be discussed and undertaken on the basis of tentative conclusions, for immediate and even partial ends, and with a view to their effectiveness in a given situation —and not as part of some Grand Design. Take each situation as it comes; don't fit the facts to conform with your ideas, but let your ideas emerge from the facts. Hence there must be*

(3) An End to Ideology. *Ideological frameworks are outmoded in a pluralistic, imperfect world, and may be dangerous; they becloud rather than clarify issues; they make it difficult for the pragmatic American to reach adjustments with the Marxist powers, and hence they threaten peace. In short, ideology is out of touch with the real world of the 1960s and must be abandoned for the good of all. Hence — by clear and proper extension of the remarks made at Toronto — there must be*

(4) Serious Reservations About All Moral Judgments. *Presumably "moral" actions are preferred to "immoral" ones, but invoking moral principles is an ambiguous proceeding at best, and at worst can lead to actions wholly out of keeping with the pluralistic, pragmatic, "real" world of the 1960s, from which, if we only bother to look, ideology as a meaningful concept has already in fact fled, and rigid moral principles are fast fleeing.*

This is not to say that either Mr. Scalapino or Mr. Brzezinski explicitly made the analysis given above; it is to say that such an analysis could fairly be drawn from their words, including the extrapolation contained in the fourth point. What follows is a set of consequences suggested by the four points.

The most obvious immediate service rendered by the term "pluralism" is to get us off the hook of designating as the Free World a group of nations governed largely by military regimes and other forms of authoritarian rule and dictatorship. This problem occasionally bothered even so dedicated a man as John Foster Dulles; one of his responses was to the effect that "those other countries, though steadfastly anti-Communist, have not yet been raised into the light of our splendid free institutions; but progress is being made, and we must be patient." That is pretty thin gruel, particularly from the highly moralistic Dulles; hence the New Line, both more lofty and more sophisticated, and therefore less vulnerable. A pluralistic world is necessarily an imperfect one; then who is so naive as to call for perfection?

A second consequence of "pluralism" is to suggest that there are really no strong currents in the world today, but only a scattering of forces, a multiplicity of vectors, none of them especially important, all of them susceptible to shrewd practical analysis and manipulation. Thus a few fanatics sincerely oppose American racism, but this is not a widespread feeling. Thus certain bleeding hearts (both inside and outside the West) deplore gas and napalm and the torture of prisoners but, in general, people are apathetic where they are not impressed. Thus the resentment of the so-called Third World toward economic penetration is found among malcontents only, and should disappear in any case when benefits begin to trickle down from the newly rich classes. Thus military conquest (as in Guatemala or the Dominican Republic or, one may hope Vietnam) is opposed only by those who fail to see the true realistic logic behind the action — an action which may indeed be taken with sincere regret; but at all events, in a pluralistic world, the sad necessity for an occasional symbolic air drop or bombardment or actual conquest will be appreciated by many weaker, less determined people, and perhaps even admired.

The obverse of this attitude is the assumption that if the world fails to operate "pluralistically" — that is to say, with no clear reaction to U. S. policies beyond admiration or fear — but instead gives evidence of widespread alienation,

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antipathy, even hatred toward us, then plainly some artificial force is at work: Marxism (to use a shorthand term embracing a variety of related attitudes). This force, though patently outmoded and indeed reactionary, has managed to corral the weak and the gullible in many places, persuading them that the meaningful, practical response to capitalism is revolution, instead of realistic acceptance and adaptation. Thus the gullible are tricked and regimented; thus the reality of pluralism is swallowed up in mass delusion and subversion; thus the true benefits of pluralism are denied masses of blameless, struggling humanity. And in the place of such benefits there appear the deprivations and cruelties of a rigid theoretical system which stultifies human potential, defeats individual aspiration, worsens living standards —and must conceal its failures and blunders and anachronisms by increasingly virulent propaganda and further subversions. This, then, we must oppose, responding not to some kind of global Communist conspiracy (such terms are for Senators and similar innocent persons) but to immediate challenges wherever and whenever they appear. Each must be met separately, in proper measure (this may include conquest, but as a carefully conceived, final resort only) and coolly, in the fashion of a Talleyrand or a Metternich—aristocrats both, and, like us, thorough realists.

What could be more pragmatic? If the term suggests anything, it suggests the shrewd, the adaptive, the emotionally uncluttered. William James, who also gave us the useful term "tough-minded," would surely praise us; but perhaps he too is outmoded, too close to the generation of the antique Marx, and not quite a modern ideal. Reinhold Niebuhr comes much closer; in following the tentative, the partial, the conditional, even in our Christian aspirations for this world, we do him homage. America could not ask for a better apologist and witness, and has found none.

Perhaps a more worldly warrant for our pragmatism may be found in our affluence. "Truth's cash-value" in the market place — again James provides us with a useful phrase, but we must adapt it to modern reality. In pragmatic terms, nothing can be allowed to take precedence over the magnificent material prosperity we have won in this world. Not to respond to challenges that threaten this wealth is to abandon the pragmatic and practical for the sentimental, theoretical, subjective or "moral"—and surely the pragmatic tradition tells us that before anything else, the dollars in the bank and the good food in the belly and the sleek car in the garage rule the real world of our time.

Thus we have abandoned all ideology except the true and meaningful one of material progress. So much the better for us and for the world! As Mother Courage says, all men can be bribed and so greed is our only hope — and by this sign all other ideologies are conquered not by mere force (except where necessary) but basically by agreement and consensus. "Communism?" — what ideology exists that is more concerned with clear, cold materialism? In a technological world which has made museum relics of ideology itself, what is there to prevent a true meeting of minds among experts, between one materialist and another? Only the faltering theoretical structure of Marxism itself; only the illusion on the part of Marxists that there is indeed a real difference in outlook. Let them but see the truth of this century, as most clearly demonstrated by the United States of America, and Communists will simply give up Marxism as the anachronism it is. To refuse is nothing less than to prevent peace from descending on the world. We are willing to reconsider our slogans — "the Free World," for example, or "Free Private Enterprise"; so must they also.

Any serious student of the modern world recognizes the United States for what it is, the unchallenged progressive ideal and hope of mankind; but modesty on our part, and mendacity on the part of others, have allowed the false notion to get abroad that we in fact represent counterrevolution. Even the eminent Arnold Toynbee has made this mistake, confusing modern welfare capitalism, clearly beneficial to all, with the primitive, exploitive capitalism which earlier in the century did indeed embark on counterrevolution as an ideological necessity. All that is behind us; but Toynbee's persistence in error suggests that much remains to be done to convince others that in today's pluralistic, pragmatic world, belief in "counterrevolution" is a creed outworn. So with the explicit abandonment of all ideals but Mammon will come the disappearance of such pernicious allegations; and at the same time, the Communists will have lost any claim to the opposing term "revolution," which, especially when linked to the word "popular," has lent them a spurious plausibility and force.

Mr. Toynbee even more recently has charged the United States with playing "bully" to the world. Such a charge is not merely false; it is indicative of simplistic moral standards which, should they persist, may bring all our efforts to nothing. Surely in the Niebuhrian age we all recognize that (to quote the previous passage) "invoking moral principles is an ambiguous proceeding at best"—and surely such a term as "bully" suggests such an invoking. One may feel a certain sympathy for the deluded and "tender-minded" among us, those who persist in judging separate events as moral problems in themselves; but the tough-minded know that a world of pluralism and pragmatism and expiring ideology is also a world of complete moral relativism. In fact the most realistic idea is to dispense entirely with the word "morality" itself, because it suggests a recognized standard of behavior, even a set of rules; but it is just that standard, just those rules, which have disappeared from the real world of the 1960s. William James spoke of a Moral Equivalent to War; in our time we have found a Practical Equivalent to Morals. We act not as we "should" but as we must; we proceed not in the light of some outmoded "morality" but in the light of clear necessity. Perhaps Harry Truman is the model here. He has said that he had no hesitation in ordering the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and has never lost any sleep over the decision. Realism can scarcely reach greater heights; and it is to this realism, not to some kind of ambiguous moral formulation, that we must always look.

"These are The Facts, gentlemen. You can't argue with The Facts." The quotation, properly enough, is attributed to a quondam Junior Senator from Wisconsin.

Is the situation hopeless? Perhaps not quite. To peddle such wretched fubbery, a man must have either monumental cynicism or a truly simple mind. The first sort

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is beyond rescue; such men belong with the death camp functionaries who "really knew better." But with the second type — here there may be hope. True, a simple man can scarcely embark on a career of patriotic prevarication without possessing beforehand all the requisite jingo attitudes; but his very simplicity can make him vulnerable in a strange and unexpected way. Really big lies have a way of convincing the simple in fairly short order, and there were never bigger lies than these. How long will it be before the simpler peddlers begin to *believe* what they have been given to say? The consequences could be quite bizarre: they would then actually *become* pluralistic in outlook and pragmatic in method, at the expense of the perfervid Red phobia in which they have lived and moved and had their being. They would *abandon* the shrill Manichean ideology which pits the Free World against the Red Atheist Imperialist Communist Moscow-Peking Aggressors; they would *cease* to believe that total moral rectitude resides in our own beliefs and actions, and has been totally denied our putative enemies. And, having reached such a stage of moral relativism, they would be free to discover that moral standards (concerning, for example, the bully, the invader, the torturer, the killer) still have immense and quite possibly decisive force in common human life around the world — and even, they may find, in their own America.

RECOMPENSE FOR VIOLENCE

Jennifer Cross

A few months ago, in one of California's pleasant, increasingly unsafe suburbs, a middle-aged woman was knocked down and had her purse snatched by two teen-agers who escaped by car. By the time her case came to the Superior Court in San Francisco, her injuries had cost $1,500, nearly all her savings. Her misfortune was typical of the unspectacular miseries caused by a penal code which is more concerned with rehabilitating the criminal than helping the victim. But it led Judge Francis McCarty to write to state Senator Eugene McAteer suggesting remedial legislation. Three months later, on July 19, California became the first state in the union—and the only place in the world outside Great Britain and New Zealand—to pay compensation to victims of crimes of violence.

Thirty years ago an agricultural state, California is now the richest and most populous in the country —with a per capita crime rate exceeded only by that of Nevada. Its 18,600,000 population is largely urban, concentrated in eighty communities of 25,000 and fourteen of more than 100,000, where serious offenses are most common; and in suburbs, where crime is increasing most rapidly. Los Angeles is a particularly black spot, with a record of forcible rape (29.1 per 100,000), aggravated assault (230.7 per 100,000) and burglary (1,400.8 per 100,000) that is between two and three times the national average.

Mounting expenditure by the California Department of Corrections ($60 million in 1963-64, $85 million this year) to cope with 6,000 new inmates a year, and to improve the already advanced methods of criminal rehabilitation have widened the gap between the treatment accorded the criminal and his victim. Today, legislators are publicly calling it "ironic" or "a tragic oversight." The criminal has access to facilities which, if hardly constituting a gravy train, represent a brave attempt to get him on the straight and narrow. Given motivation, he can catch up with his formal education (which stopped on average at 7th grade), take vocational training in one of forty-seven courses that range from how to be a janitor to aircraft maintenance, attend group therapy, get his face and teeth fixed, and work in one of the state-run correctional industries or open-air conservation camps. Until last summer, his victim got nothing except bills and the empty privilege of suing someone who could not pay.

While the new law is intended as a first step to remedy this social injustice, no one yet knows what the practical effects will be. Far from being a crock of gold, it has been turned into a piece of welfare legislation by the addition of the phrase "where there is need," and the imposition of a ceiling of $100,000 to meet all claims during the first year. If a victim or his family are above a certain income level, they are ineligible for aid; if the criminal's finances will stand a fine without putting his family on welfare, he must pay up commensurately with the offense.

The working model of the California bill was the New Zealand legislation, now more than eighteen months old, which in turn is based on the 1962 report of the British Section of the International Commission of Jurists. Here, assistance has been tailored to match the Workmen's Compensation Act, with safeguards to prevent the victim from ending up richer than he was before. Maximum payments are $28.70 a week for a single person and $35.50 for a family, for incapacity to work; $3,800 for other financial losses; and $1,400 for "pain and suffering." The total bill thus far for a population one-seventh that of California has been surprisingly small. An original estimate of $84,000 was pared down to $61,000 for the first year, of which only $9,058 was paid out; this year the ceiling has been lowered to $42,000.

Compensation under the California bill will depend on roughly the same criteria as the aid to families with dependent children, which costs an average of $170 a month for each family, but it waives the usual property qualification. Apart from this guideline, the State Department of Welfare says frankly that it doesn't know how the administration will go; it was caught somewhat unawares by the speed with which the bill was passed. Unlike the old Danelaw, where compensation was simplified by the fact that every man had a price (the man in the street was worth between 100 and 200 gold shillings) and unlike stereotyped fines, which are levied according to the gravity of the offense, this new type of compensation poses a multitude of problems. If a woman is raped and

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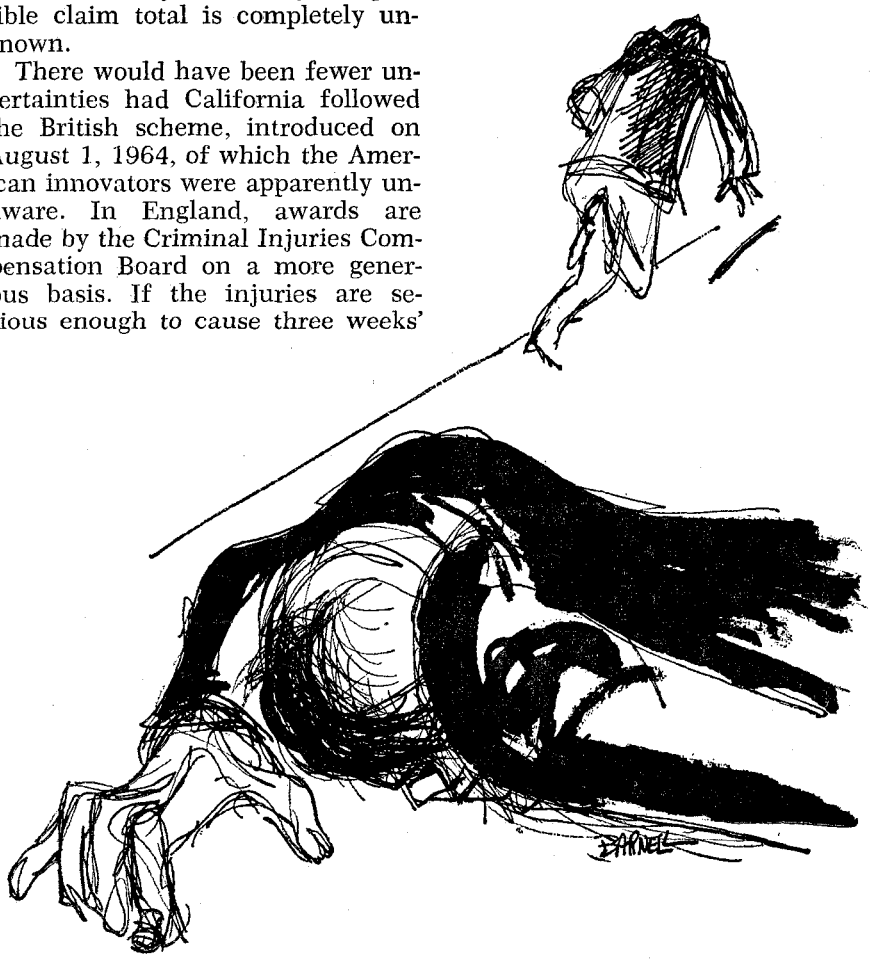
has a child, should the state pay for its upkeep, and if so, for how long? If an injured man falls within the income qualifications for aid, but is wholly or partially covered by health insurance, should he be compensated? If he is just above the income qualification but is threatened by a ruinously high medical bill, will he get aid? If his ability to work is curtailed but not nullified by injury or nervous shock, how much should he get? How do different injuries compare and what are their cash ratings: is it worse to have an illegitimate child, a broken leg, or epilepsy following severe concussion? Sheer lack of information about the victim complicates the task still further, and makes the first year of operation highly experimental. During 1964 in California, there were 29,241 cases of murder and willful homicide, forcible rape and aggravated assault, plus an unknown number of injuries inflicted during the course of robberies. This year there will certainly be more, quite apart from the Watts incident, but lacking survey material into people's financial background, and the gravity and cost of their injuries, this year's possible claim total is completely unknown.

There would have been fewer uncertainties had California followed the British scheme, introduced on August 1, 1964, of which the American innovators were apparently unaware. In England, awards are made by the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board on a more generous basis. If the injuries are serious enough to cause three weeks' loss of work, or common-law damages of at least $140, victims are compensated for full loss of earnings up to a maximum of $95 a week (nearly double the national average wage). Even so, some limitations have been introduced, largely because of the government's fear of assuming full and open responsibility for the victims of crime, and compensating them "out of kindness" instead of as their legal right. At first there was no award for "loss of happiness," but this was later modified. There is still none for property damage, for the illegitimate child born of rape, or for the victim who was a member of the assailant's household.

Given his way, Judge McCarty would have simplified the whole thing by compensating everybody, regardless of income. He believes on principle that "if you get your teeth bashed in, you should be entitled to aid even if you are a millionaire." Families of murder victims should be fully supported, and that would include sending bright children to college. There is no chance that he will get his way, at least in the predictable future, both for reasons of principle, and for fear of the expense. Later modifications are more likely to be in the direction of raising the compensation ceiling (for which Senator McAteer is prepared to introduce fresh legislation, should total legitimate claims exceed $100,000 during 1966) than in changing or abolishing the income qualification. A more straightforward approach has been used in a companion bill, which will compensate people injured while coming to the aid of the police, or otherwise helping to prevent a crime or catching a criminal. Here the kitty will be unlimited, and there will be no income qualification — but claims for medical bills and property damage will have to be proved to the satisfaction of the appropriate law-enforcement authority, the State Board of Control, and the legislature. This generosity is relative to the infrequency with which such claims are expected (though the State Board is making no specific predictions).



In the long run, one of the most important consequences of these two bills will be the new dimension they give to state responsibility for its citizens which, though publicly deplored as smacking of the welfare state, is gradually inching its way into state and federal policies. Neither measure is likely to have an appreciable effect on criminal practice, according to Prof. Joseph D. Lohman, dean of criminology at Berkeley, nor will the second bill start people rushing to help the police, since the relationship between citizens and the law is too complex to be smoothed out overnight. But there is a good chance that the California experiment will spread to other states. Locally, it has enjoyed widespread approval, and reawakening speculation as to whether Senator McAteer intends to run as mayor of San Francisco; nationally, it has received more publicity than is generally accorded state legislation. New York and Illinois are thinking actively along the same lines, with the ultimate hope of preventing a repetition of the tragic Genovese case. Ambassador Goldberg, in a letter to Judge McCarty, expressed the view that "this beneficial legislation will be widely emulated throughout the country. It deserves to be."

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Virgilian Whodunit

THAT AWFUL MESS ON VIA MERULANA. By Carlo Emilio Gadda. Translated from the Italian by William Weaver. George Braziller. 388 pp. $5.95.

Richard Howard

As each century puts its characteristic question—"Who owns it?" the 18th century asked; "Who is the heir?" the 19th — the 20th century asks "Whodunit?" and Mr. Capote's recent pieces in *The New Yorker* suggest the persistence of our curiosity when the crime is all the shabbier and apparently unmotivated. Concealment and Manifestation are the systole and diastole of our emotional life, and our investigation of murder provides the form in which, as Auden has remarked, society as a whole has to take the place of the victim and, on his behalf, demand restitution or grant forgiveness. "That awful mess on Via Merulana" is, among other things, a murder, assigned to Don Ciccio Ingravallo, "youngest and most envied official of the detective section: ubiquitous as the occasion required, omnipresent in all tenebrous matters."

The forward stress of Gadda's narrative, then, is accommodated and even enabled by a detective story, that inclusive, convinced form of the heroic quest in our time. "He maintained, among other things, that unforeseen catastrophes are never the consequences, or the effect, if you prefer, of a single motive, of *a* cause singular; but they are rather like a whirlpool, a cyclonic point of depression in the consciousness of the world, toward which a whole multitude of converging causes have contributed." It could not come earlier (page 3), this announcement of the governing image—"he also used words like knot or tangle or muddle" — the metaphoric emblem that fixes any work of literature midway between events and precepts.

Yet Gadda's novel, self-justifying, murmurous, anthological, affords difficulties precisely because it announces and so directly enacts what it is about and what it does, not at any one place but all along. As a narrative, this novel is unfinished, for such is the nature of human events, of what happens, that we cannot in words "finish" our exploration of them, cannot come to the end of anything. Gadda's work, like most great examples of modern literature —and this is one of the reasons he has so often been compared to Joyce, to Céline, to Musil—is an *aporia*, a confession of failure or impossibility. As *The Man Without Qualities* is unfinished, as Beckett will end *The Unnamable* "I can't go on. I must go on" — so Gadda's inquest remains without a conclusion.

Another quality of this buzzing, burrowing, exorbitantly metropolitan work that suggests its place in the primary canon of modernism is, certainly, its encyclopedic impulse. Its author, a Milanese engineer born in 1893, began it in 1938, completed a first version in Florence in 1947, and rewrote his pastiche until 1957, making it a palimpsest of Italian speech, manners and history, rather like one of those Roman monuments patched together out of ancient marble and 18th-century stucco: a baroque *summa* that had to be located in the capital city, where in truth all roads meet. Echoes of Italian literature from Petronius to D'Annunzio are sounded, mocked and assimilated, and in the patient exfoliation of a double crime, the "action's" focus widens from the bourgeois Roman apartment in a decaying neighborhood to the outlying towns and the countryside first qualified in literature as Virgilian: "olive groves barely silvered by the dawn and the prone skeletons of vines in the vineyards." There is even a visit to the Sibyl's cave, though in the contemporary version, *all* the leaves of the sacred books have been destroyed. Every style is included, every level of discourse and usage, from the most demotic to the most formal, the ritual and the oracular along with the argotic and the euphuistic (there are splendid passages of invective addressed—the time is 1927—to Mussolini), the broadly farcical, the expressionistic, the epic, the philosophical and the lyric. Such a mixture is a characteristic if not a vindication of the great works of our time.

In a luxury apartment building of an interstitial Roman neighborhood, within an interval of three days, an elderly Venetian countess becomes the victim of a jewel robbery effected before her very eyes and—on the same floor, in the opposite apartment— a pious, childless, still attractive little bourgeoise, forever searching for "nieces" to adopt, is found dead in a pool of blood. The two investigations, conducted by Ingravallo, merge into a single pursuit as their trails circle more or less significantly around a ministerial *commendatore* a little too attracted to delivery boys, and a young cousin of the murdered woman a little too adept at accepting presents from her. By the double clues of a streetcar ticket found in the countess' apartment and the testimony of a rather inexperienced whore arrested near Santo Stefano Rotondo, the inquiries widen from Rome to the Alban Hills, the region of the Castelli Romani, that powerfully genesic countryside which regularly fertilizes the Urbs with its human silt. As Rome is the central city, so the "central" writer, by working outward from a beginning—instead of onward toward an end—pursues an endless quest: Ingravallo's epic finishing point, like Gadda's, is the starting point, renewed and transformed by the energies of his own effort. The compositional trope is thus anabolic, and its thematic core is fecundity (what Ingravallo himself calls "the quantum of Eros"). This is made explicit to the point of delirium in the person of the pathetic victim Liliane, who one after the other harbors the promisingly fertile girls she calls her nieces, and who already lays claim to the first (still hypothetical) scion of the cousin in whom alone the family seed continues to germinate. The countess' jewels — bloodstones, round or pendant — are more veiled symbols of the same theme; a certain topaz begins, in an officer's dream, to course the countryside, turning up

Richard Howard, who has translated many books from the French, has completed his second book of poetry, The Damages. *He is now working on a study of American poetry since 1950, to be published by Horizon.*

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in a bacchanale presided over by Circe and concluding in the latter's orgasm; in the extraordinary passage in which the recovered jewels are described, they are presented by the author as the most perfect products of the creative mechanism. And in the book's explosion from Rome to the Alban Hills, it is certainly to the initial fecundation by which the city was generated, the rape of the Sabine women, that the entire book alludes.

This thematic core of fecundation accounts for the astonishingly concrete lyricism of the "Awful Mess," the *Pasticciaccio* — the verbal substance of the world is expressed, in the old sense of that word, even in, or out of, its most wretched aspects: stinking whores, plucked hens, peeling walls. By the rotundity of a policeman, the splendor of a sandwich, the plethoric is dramatized; a pile of rags to be dyed, the visit of a rajah to Mussolini, a flight of chickens at the level-crossing in front of the single daily train, a sunrise over Latium—all mark an insistence on *telling* which, if it were not for magnificent organization by myth, theme and image, would whelm our attention as it would our hope of reaching an end of the Event. And it is precisely this fluidity of language, this inexhaustible verbal sap that constitutes, ultimately, the gist of Gadda's book, the juice or pith that makes his novel, perhaps, a scandal to the gentiles of art, and places it in a lineage, a descent not necessarily associated with art at all, but with an impulse located in the novel nowadays only because that is the name we give our dominant literary form, a "loose baggy monster" indeed, that can accommodate, baggily enough, any version of experience.

Yet this impulse has always existed in literature, in "forms" as different as those Rabelais, Saint-Simon, Boswell (the Boswell of the *Journals*), Horace Walpole, Sainte-Beuve and Proust have chosen to accord it. It is the impulse of process, the shaping of experience by a tone of voice, the definition of which is undertaken in the course of "endless" works. That gigantic and obsessive murmur which sometimes rises out of literature (and perhaps justifies it), from Amiel to Gertrude Stein, is again what we hear when we read Gadda—the sound of our own survival, the myth of our human continuity in a voice, "weaving an endless sentence," refusing to let go, to release existence until it has been recuperated by the only means in our power: the word. We hear, in short, the sound of ourselves when we seek to endure.

Invisible Man

MONTAIGNE: A Biography. By Donald Frame. Harcourt, Brace & World. 408 pp. $10.

Paul Zweig

When Montaigne wrote that his life had been "humble and inglorious," he was being modest. By the time these words were written, he had twice been mayor of Bordeaux, and more than once played host to a king (the future Henri IV) in his chateau at Montaigne. Yet these intervals of public life came late (he was more than 50), and they were brief. Before them stretched the long years of his retirement; and before that, his undistinguished career as member of the Bordeaux Parliament.

In the end, the major "events" of Monaigne's life were invisible. They were inward events, and they surfaced not in acts but in the words of his unique spiritual record, the *Essays*. Any biography of Montaigne must therefore depend heavily on the *Essays*. It must be an inward biography, telling the story of his mind as much as of his life. Mr. Frame, more than anyone, is equipped from the start for such an undertaking. His translation of the *Essays* is one of the best ever done, and stands on its own as a fine work of English prose.

The Montaigne we meet in Mr. Frame's pages is no metaphysician. His ideas are close to life; so close, in fact, that to speak of them, he could only speak of himself. As the man changed, so did his book: new chapters were added, old ones revised, judgments qualified or reversed. The result is a wayward pattern of thoughts, anecdotes and self-evaluations whose main care is to be faithful, but not consistent. Between the book and life the distinctions became vague, until Montaigne, long before Whitman or Rousseau, could say: Who touches this book touches a man. "I have no more made my book than my book has made me—a book consubstantial with its author, concerned with myself, an integral part of my life."

Mr. Frame marshals the sparse details that have been preserved of Montaigne's life: his family, his estate, the documents and letters of his public life, the late friendship with his *fille d'alliance*, Marie de Gournay. The facts are rare, and each one adds a contour, tantalizingly faint, to our knowledge of the living Montaigne. The bulk of the biography, however, consists in a judicious reading of the *Essays* themselves. Mr. Frame unravels the mosaic of additions and alterations by which the *Essays* grew. In doing so, he gives us a clear sense of Montaigne's own spiritual growth, from the morbid though fashionable stoicism of the early chapters, through the great statement of universal doubt (*Que sais-je . . .*) in the "Apology for Raymond Sebond," to the last chapters of self-exploration, the friendship with himself that led Montaigne into his most characteristic philosophy.

Montaigne's life, we learn, was

Paul Zweig received his doctorate from the Sorbonne, lives in France and teaches English at the summer session at Columbia University.

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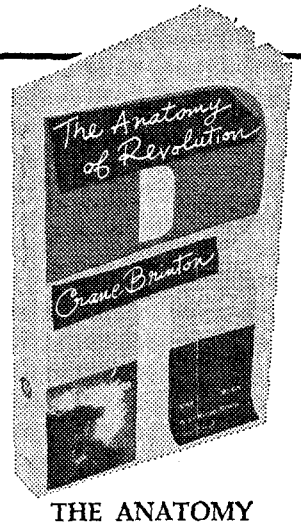

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abruptly deflected inward, toward the age of 30, by a tragic event: the death of his friend, Etienne de la Boetie. Until then, Montaigne seems to have been a brilliant young nobleman, only partly excited by his responsibilities in Parliament; sensitive to the pleasures of life. La Boetie's death turned Montaigne back upon himself, and the next ten years were spent in the shadow of his friend's example, exploring his ideas, attempting to resolve the loneliness caused by the loss of so close a companion. For ten years Montaigne lived with death: after la Boetie there was Montaigne's younger brother absurdly killed by a tennis ball; then, shortly afterward, the death of his father. Mr. Frame suggests that the early essays were written, in part, to fill the place left by la Boetie's disappearance. Montaigne needed to communicate, to exchange ideas and emotions. When his friend died, a gulf opened between him and the world, and he was left to converse with himself. The first chapters—written, he tells us, to occupy "moments of boredom" —*are* this conversation.

Thus, Montaigne's journey into himself began with a meditation upon death; and his first conclusion was that of his famous early chapter: "to philosophize means to learn how to die." Like Camus, four centuries later, Montaigne started as a moralist, convinced that death was meaningless and overpowering, and that a man could shape his life only by keeping a steady eye on that dark wind blowing in from his future. But Montaigne soon discovered that he had made too much of dying. It was his own death which taught him this, we learn from Mr. Frame, or rather what he took as a preview of his death, when he was knocked from his horse in a collision and carried home, more dead than alive. Death seen from such close quarters, he found, was not nearly as frightening as he had supposed. How wasteful, therefore, to devote all one's energies to scrutinizing, and preparing for it. It is characteristic of Montaigne that his most permanent moral lessons came not from books (as was partly the case with his early stoicism) but from close attention to his own life.

In any case, the Montaigne we know best begins to emerge around this time, in the "Apology for Raymond Sebond." It is here that Montaigne begins to recognize the world as a "perennial seesaw," a disorderly tide of events and objects, in which a man can know little beyond his own small circle of inwardness. The "Apology" was written to defend Catholicism against the Protestants, and its argument was that of *fideism*, a reliance on faith as opposed to reason; if individual reason was so frail, the only safe haven for the soul was the massiveness and the guarantee of God's Church.

But Montaigne remains the first and greatest of the modern "doubters." Long before the Existentialists, he discovered the absurdity not only of death but of life and of all reality. His *fideism* was to be inherited, in one form or another by Pascal and, later, by Kierkegaard. But Montaigne soon learned another response to the shifting uncertainties of the world. Long in seeking, late in choosing, he at last discovered a theme for his book that would give him a new, surer kind of knowledge. Since all science was necessarily doubtful, Montaigne decided to study what he at least knew best. He would make himself the subject of his book: self-study would be his "physics and his metaphysics." In a world where outward values were apt to be faulty, Montaigne learned to favor an inward attentiveness by which he could become more central to himself, and thereby to all men. In its final shape, Montaigne's self-scrutiny became a philosophy: since "each man bears the entire form of man's estate," to study one man well meant to discover truths common to all men. Self-scrutiny became, indeed, the only truly sensitive philosophy.

Montaigne is thus the first great psychological realist. And this brings us to another aspect of his originality. In *Meditations on Quixote,* Ortega wrote that modern "realism" carries within it a grain of sad humor. Brute, stubborn facts, he tells us, are aesthetically interesting not for themselves but for the ironic light they shed on the flight of man's imagination: his heroic impulses, his search for more than human dignity. In the "realistic" mood, reality gives a slight nudge to the hero: and as he stumbles, we taste both his comic disappointment and the tragedy of his failure. Don Quixote the hero, and Sancho the earthy realist, need each other. Together they create a new sort of *comédie humaine*: an essential confusion of styles and sensibilities that will characterize the world of the novel.

The psychological realism of the *Essays* is of the same sort, except that Montaigne himself plays both Quixote and Sancho. High seriousness and earthy Gascon slang nudge each other continuously. The stoic heroism of the first chapters is playfully but decidedly undercut by other passages; for example, those where Montaigne accurately complains about the caprices of his "unruly member," and tells of some "remedy" he once offered a troubled bridegroom. When Montaigne is through, there remains little of the Renaissance confidence in man as a bright compendium of the universe, a microcosm, "regent and masterpiece of God's creation." Instead, we see the elusive contours of the inner life, in which the best and the worst, the highest and the lowest, come far too close to each other for comfort.

In reading Mr. Frame's account, we feel increasingly that we are in sure hands. When, on the basis of such meager evidence as there is, Mr. Frame evaluates the tone of Montaigne's marriage, the influence of his father, the mood of his early retirement, or the kind of involvement he felt during his terms as mayor, one is not inclined to question his judicious conclusions. Yet something in the very nature of his material seems to have posed a problem which Mr. Frame, I think, does not entirely resolve. At a distance of 400 years, there remain two extensive bodies of fact concerning Montaigne. One is the inner record of the *Essays*. The other is the more general kind of information furnished by historians who can tell us what, approximately, was the life of a small 16th-century nobleman in the southwest of France; what was the mood and procedure of the Bordeaux Parliament; what kinds of factions split the allegiance of French noblemen at the time, etc. Between these two sources, however, at the precise line where they should intersect to give us the single separate life of Michel de Montaigne, the facts are scarce. Thus the man himself runs the risk of being blurred; of lacking the kind of sharp definition that would allow him to live again for us as we read. This, unfortunately, is what often happens in Mr. Frame's biography. The account we get is clear, judicious and extremely useful. Yet the dramatic presence of Montaigne himself is often lacking. As a result the reading tends to be slow and, in places, simply dull.

Despite the limitations of his ma-

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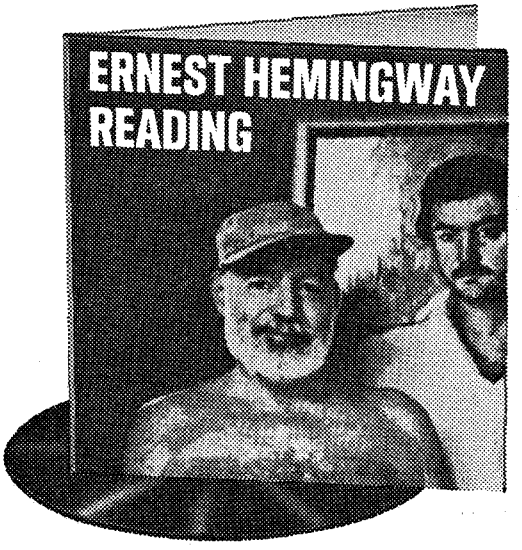

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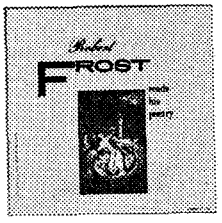
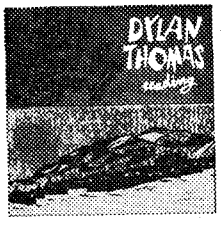
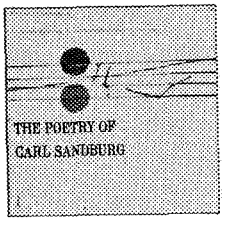


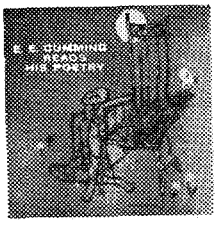
Robert Frost's own New England voice reads *The Pasture, Mending Wall, Birches, After Apple Picking,* and other poems.



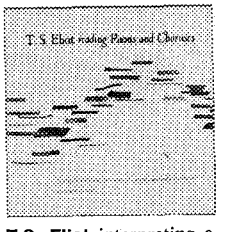
Dylan Thomas in a lyrical reading of *A Child's Christmas in Wales, In the White Giant's Thigh,* and other poems.



Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City, In Tall Grass, Four Preludes, Southern Pacific,* and other well-known poems.



E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world.*



T.S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Ash Wednesday, Marina.*

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terial, I found myself wishing that Mr. Frame had been more adventurous at times, giving us more *his* Montaigne rather than simply a verifiable, believable Montaigne. We get a clear picture, for example, of Montaigne's unusual early education; but nowhere does Mr. Frame allow this knowledge to shed light on the mature choices of the man, though the correspondences are surely interesting. The wayward, unconstrained learning of the boy, his preference for Ovid's *Metamorphoses* over all scholarly discipline, his early association of knowledge with pleasure, and with a certain sort of self-indulgence: all this echoes strangely in the mature man's talent for self-scrutiny and humor, in his mistrust of constraint, and his final affirmation of life in the face of all its painful absurdities. The scholar's trust in facts could have agreeably been supplemented here by a more creative insight into the way facts are related to one another. The result, in this case, is a dependable, scholarly biography, one sorely needed, written in a lucid style, but whose cumulative effect lacks the excitement and the stimulation of those *Essays* on which it is largely based.

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DOUBLEDAY

The Substance of Spirit

NOTEBOOKS: 1942-1951. By Albert Camus. Translated from the French by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. 274 pp. $5.

Harold Clurman

Writers and students of literature will be fascinated by the Camus *Notebooks* for the insight it affords into the processes of the creative mind. Of more general and greater interest is the data the book provides as to the substance of Camus' spirit. The *Notebooks* reveals the essential person. What makes this important is the fact that Camus is one of the most representative men of our time. What troubled him has troubled and continues to trouble us.

In these *Notebooks*, the operative ingredient is the author's conscience. It is involved in a vital struggle. Though this takes place in an individual soul its setting and cause is the history of our day, which has been a period of permanent violence.

Born in Algiers on the eve of the First World War (in which he lost his father), killed in an automobile accident while the French-Algerian conflict was still sharp, Camus seems never to have known peace. At the outbreak of the Second World War he was 26. Unable to take part in active service due to a tubercular condition diagnosed when he was 17, he had to leave his wife and mother in Algeria during the war to receive medical treatment in France. He never saw them again till the cessation of hostilities. He edited an underground paper and, to quote his excellent translator, Justin O'Brien, he "played an increasingly dangerous role . . . as a member of an intelligence network. Even though many of his friends and associates were arrested, often tortured and executed, he carried on with his stirring editorials and his day-to-day clandestine activities." After the war there was another in Indo-China, followed by the one in Algeria, with its vile backwash in Paris.

Camus wrote his famous essay *The Myth of Sisyphus* in 1942, but it attracted little attention here at the time. *The Stranger*, written the same year, made a distinct impression. That impression however was misleading due to misreading. The novel was thought to be an avowal of nihilism arising from a deep-seated sentiment of futility. But *The Stranger* is a description rather than a confession. It is a dramatization of the moral apathy in the years immediately preceding the war, a sense of discouragement which many people in France and elsewhere to the present moment display as if it were a badge of distinction.

To say that this interpretation of Camus' meaning was the reverse of the truth would be an oversimplification. Camus grips us through the anguished dialogue of his being. He experiences the "nay" to its bitterest dregs before he can save himself with a "yea." He is an idealist in a constant trance of doubt. He believes in virtue, yet he writes, "I know myself too well to believe in pure virtue." This statement may be regarded as the germ idea of his most famous, though not his best, novel, *The Fall*. Despite his repeated emphasis on his own and the universal guilt, he apparently contradicts himself when he notes: "Nothing is pure, nothing is pure—this is the cry that has poisoned our century."

The positive in Camus is generated by his contradictions. On one page he upholds chastity as an ideal state; on another he admits that he cannot imagine love for a woman dissociated from physical possession. He voices a horror of life and gives evidence of a passionate love for it. He is in favor of commitment (*engagement*, as the French say) and also argues against it. He is a novelist but he calls *The Plague* a tract, and further on adds: "Up to now I am not a novelist in the usual sense." There is something abhorrent to him about politics but he also asserts that "modern man is obliged to be concerned with politics."

What is at the root of this disquiet? If God does not exist, and He doesn't for Camus, then everything is absurd. Morality has lost its rational basis. When we contemplate the facts of life, of which the final issue is death, the result is not only personally excruciating but devastating to any strict metaphysical faith. To decide whether or not life is worth living, Camus had said in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, is the fundamental problem of philosophy. Why then do we not commit suicide, since there is no *reason* for living?

The simplest answer is that man unreasonably *wants* to live. Camus

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has translated this primal motivation into the idea of a conscious rebellion against life's absurdity. And since ultimately truth appears in what we do, rather than in what we think, man's life is acceptable and intelligible in his revolt against its "insanity."

Such an answer no matter in what intellectual jargon it is clothed will not satisfy the philosopher, but it may satisfy the artist. There is a mysterious, magnificent and essentially down-to-earth drama about it — including moments of great comedy. In all his key responses, howsoever esoterically elaborate they may seem, Camus is an artist rather than a formal thinker. He recognizes this himself. "The absurd world," he says, "can receive only an aesthetic justification." Even more intimately he declares: "A world in which there is no place for the human being, for joy, for active leisure, is a world that must die. No group of people can live without beauty."

Now another doubt assails him: "Have I the right to be merely an artist? I cannot believe so." On what norms and standards does he find himself prepared to protest and rebel? "The values I ought to defend and illustrate today are average values." After all is said in the paradoxical and poetic structure of his philosophic ritual, Camus fights such things as capital punishment, Hitlerism, Stalinism, prejudices, vices and deformities which all men of good will everywhere have opposed for at least the past thirty years. Camus ceased fighting and being partisan on the Algerian question. As a Frenchman of Algiers he felt himself as hesitantly vulnerable in this respect as men of lesser stature might have been. He would not take sides or maintain an unequivocal position.

Here we observe the personality difference between Camus and Sartre, a difference which caused the controversy and their break in 1952. Camus was much the softer of the two. He engaged in politics but he hoped somehow to stand apart from history. The mechanism of history entails compromise, a pragmatism which requires assent to elements of injustice and cruelty. There is a tenderness in Camus, a kind of inner sobbing and tremulousness, which made such assent impossible. This despite his effort to avoid the sentimental. Artists or poets may be, in Shelley's aphorism quoted by Camus, "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," but while they sometimes make brave fighters they rarely prove effective politicians.

The literary and artistic contribution of Camus' work is the quasi-mythical forms which he fashioned to express our contemporary malaise and the sense of his struggle to master it. We find it particularly poignant in *The Plague* and in *The Fall*, novels written in a language of classic purity, wrought into a discreetly gentle music. His *Notebooks* is a treasury of fine perceptions which served as the grist to his compositional mill. It is occasionally witty, sometimes as disarming as a college boy's enthusiasm and bewilderment at all the wonderful things he reads in the best books in the world, and at all his discoveries about himself.

This book should be read slowly —in bits and pieces. It traces a clear picture which is apparent only on reflection. It is finally inspirational. For it affirms what must be endlessly repeated: "Are we going to accept despair, without doing anything? I suppose no honest person can answer yes."

After Sedley, After Pound

ALL THE COLLECTED SHORT POEMS 1923-1958. By Louis Zukofsky. W. W. Norton & Co. 157 pp. $6.

Donald Davie

For those who need to know that Picasso could draw a likeness if he chose, Exhibit A is Zukofsky after Sir Charles Sedley:

Not, Celia, that I look for rest
In what I do or am;
In its own time this song addressed
To you is not for them:

The hurrying world, our hastes have
No part in you like me;
Faces stop showing what they crave
In my attempt to see.

"All that in woman is adored"
Grows my phrase, and your mind
Sings some hundreds of years to afford
My cadence in kind.

And if your ears hear me I store
It in our book *Anew*
Where we last who make Sedley—more
Than he was perhaps—true.

Would he had writ thus always? Hardly. The high gloss on this elegant pastiche obscures rather than clarifies —certainly on a first reading and even on a second: the suavity of the phrasing conceals its compactness, although it is the compactness that makes the poem both difficult and rewarding. "Like me," for instance, means both "such as I have" and "such as they (our hastes) have in me." Again, the colon after the first quatrain explains "them" as being "this hurrying world" and "our hastes"; and yet when it turns out that these are the joint subject of another sentence, we make a rapid retrospective adjustment, and read "them" as the speaker's doings and beings ("what I do or am"). And this is not to mention the elusive sense of the faces that stop showing what they crave. This is a language

Donald Davie, English poet and critic, teaches at the University of Essex. The most recent of his published books is The Poems of Doctor Zhivago *(Barnes and Noble).*

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to which the norms of prose syntax are essential (hence the very sedulous punctuation), though it breaks the norms even as it respects them.

Zukofsky respects and uses grammar because many of his poems, early and late, are tight argumentative affairs. And this means that, although he belongs in the Poundian tradition with which he aligns himself, he is quite often within hailing distance of a quite distinct tradition which for a long time was more influential among us—the wit writing of Allen Tate, say, or William Empson. As Empson writes about cleaning his teeth into a lake while camping out, so Zukofsky addresses his washstand and, through elliptical allusions to designs half-glimpsed in accidental scratchings on its marble tiles, he comes to the noble humaneness of Empson at his best:

> so my wash-stand
> in one particular breaking of the
> tile at which I have
> looked and looked
>
> has opposed to my head
> the inscription of a head
> whose coinage is the
> coinage of the poor
>
> observant in waiting
> in their getting up mornings
> and in their waiting
> going to bed
>
> carefully attentive
> to what they have
> and to what they do not
> have

The Empsonian or "new" criticism ought to have appreciated the many poems by Zukofsky which are dense with compressed conceits in the 17th-century manner, or (as with a piece about barberries in snow) in the not ultimately different manner of Hopkins. But in fact that criticism ignored Zukofsky, and among his peers it was Pound and Williams who appreciated and helped.

The ties which bind him to Pound are thus in the first place personal and grateful. But he is indebted to Pound also for concepts and preoccupations, as appears from the notes which in one or two cases he appends to poems. And not only concepts but perceptions also come to him sometimes from the same source, as in a poem about a privet leaf in winter, which ends:

> it happens wind colors like glass
> shelter,
> as the light's aire from a vault
> which has a knob of sun.

Surely the most Poundian lines not written by Pound!

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But above all what aligns Zukofsky with Pound and Williams, what removes him from the world of wit writing, is his concern, first and last, with the musical measure of verse. The poem about the washstand is in places obscure. But it is less obscure than the poem after Sedley which at first seems so straightforward. And it is less obscure because, being so much further from counting off syllables to the verse line, it can use line endings, as apparent on the printed page and to the listening ear, to compel meaningful inflections:

carefully attentive
to what they have
and to what they do not
have . . .

This is rudimentary. Zukofsky's more elaborated music offers itself most frankly in the opulent orchestration of a poem to Tibor Serly, midway in a first section headed "55 Poems 1923-1935." (This poem is still full of witty conceits, and excellent ones.) It is at its most elusive in the section "Anew 1935-1944," where it most often eludes me — and for reasons which are made clear:

The lines of this new song are
nothing
But a tune making the nothing full
Stonelike become more hard than
silent
The tune's image holding in the
line.

In the longest poem in the collection, "4 Other Countries" from *Barely and Widely 1956-1958*, the music, in its double aspect of submerged half rhyme and of spaced intervals at the ends of short lines, makes for astonishingly compact expression, and this vindicates more than one would have thought possible, that inherently unsatisfactory form, the poem as travelogue.

LETTER from ROME

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Rome was glowing in a late autumn sun which warmed the blush on the trees of the Pincio gardens, and drew a representative cross section of the population outdoors, to communal street life. All sorts of people moved up and down the Spanish Steps between the umbrella-shaded flower stands below and the towers of St. Trinita dei Monti above. A prelate, hastening down the steps to catch a special bus headed for the Ecumenical Council, almost stumbled over a beatnik who had made his bed on the Steps, his bearded boy-face resting on a knapsack. A crowd of urchins did not stint their colorful comments.

Apart from the Council, the Eternal City was host these days to an international conference called to explore the meaning of European *avant-gardes*, past and present. Not that this was a gathering of beatniks. It was the fourth international congress of the European Community of Writers. Founded by the Italian writer G. B. Angioletti five years ago, the "Community" now counts about 1,500 members in twenty-seven nations on both sides of the iron curtain. The scope of the organization, as stated in its charter, is "to promote, above the level of ideological and political differences, a close collaboration among the European writers on all professional problems of a moral or practical character; to increase the free circulation of the spirit; to encourage encounters, exchanges, translations, in order to advance mutual understanding and solidarity; and to aid any initiative that enhances the dignity and the authority of writers." The Community's past activities include international assemblies in Rome, Turin, Florence; council meetings and round-table discussions in Paris, Athens, Yasnaya Polyana, Leningrad, Belgrade and Marienbad. The topics ranged from the problems of the modern novel to literary magazines in Europe; from the relations between literature and mass communication to the problems of translating poetry. Besides these public manifestations, the Community has pursued considerable behind-the-scenes activity in behalf of writers, persecuted or imprisoned, whether in the Soviet Union or in Spain or Portugal. To appraise the level of these operations, it is enough to glance at the list of the organization's officers, elected by this assembly; Giuseppe Ungaretti, president; Giancarlo Vigorelli, secretary general (a position he has held, brilliantly and creatively, since the foundation of the organization); vice presidents: Jean Paul Sartre, France; Halldor Kiljan Laxness, Iceland; José Luis Aranguren, Spain; Tibor Dery, Hungary; Jaroslav Iwaszkievic, Poland; John Lehmann, England; Alexander Tvardovsky, USSR.

The fourth assembly took place in the large and well-equipped auditorium of the CIDA (Confederazione Italiane Dirigenti Aziende). About 150 writers had come from outside Italy, including—besides those listed above—Simone de Beauvoir, Ingeborg Bachmann, Maurice Nadeau, Rafael Alberti, Jesu Lopez Pacheco and Nicolaj Bajan. UNESCO was represented by Roger Callois; the PEN Club by its international secretary, David Carver. One entire session was reserved to speakers who represented the younger generation: the *avant-garde* of today. This session was presided over by the young Spanish poet and publisher Carlos Barral. Various schools of European *avant-gardists* were represented by Jens Björnebec, Alain Geoffroy, Renato Barilli, John Willit, Vassily Aksionov, Klaus Rifbjerg, Desmond O'Grady, and others.

No theme could have been more challenging, more elusive, more charged with implications of a cultural, even political, character than that of *avant-gardism* — especially

Elisabeth Mann Borgese contributes frequently to The Nation *on European intellectual and political matters. Mrs. Borgese lives in Italy.*

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when considered by representatives of the twenties and of the sixties, of the East and of the West. In the first place, the participants had the greatest difficulty coming to a general agreement as to the real meaning of the term. A brilliant attempt was made during the first day by Jean-Paul Sartre. Rejecting almost all of the European *avant-gardes* of our day as spurious ("they define themselves more by what they reject than by what they construct"; this in itself reflects the "age of criticism" of our aged, neo-Byzantine civilization), Sartre proposed four conditions which a true *avant-garde* writer would have to fulfill: (1) He must *create language* as he writes. (2) This must not be just a "game" but must result in a true vision which can be shared by the writer's contemporaries. (3) The writer must establish a dialectical relationship with contrasting cultures: cultures to be defined by contradictions. (4) He must create the audience "with his own hands." The audience must not be pre-existing, ready made, imposing its tastes and prejudice.

These conditions existed at other times — in 17th-century France, in Elizabethan England — and in such epochs art was true *avant-garde*. They do not exist in Europe today.

Sartre thus postulates a coincidence of form and content for *avant-garde* art (he rejects Western European "futurism" because, though revolutionary in form, it was reactionary in content; he rejects neo-realism which, though revolutionary in content, is reactionary in form). He also projects his criteria outside the work of art itself and postulates a coincidence between art and history. Only in a historically creative moment can society produce creative, *avant-garde* art.

Today, according to Sartre, the prerequisite for *avant-garde* art must be sought outside Europe; in Asia, Africa and Latin America. In such countries, where native language atrophied or regressed under the pressure of colonialism, the inevitable choice between a revitalized native idiom or an adapted European language itself imposes on the writer an *avant-garde* attitude. Language has to be *created*; an explosion of thought is touched off; a new world comes into being. The Western world is repudiated and ancient, indigenous cultures are streamlined and accelerated by revolutionary movements. In these situations—as occurred in Europe in other epochs—*avant-gardism* is not only literary; it involves the whole culture. And the public is created by the same forces that create this true *avant-garde* art.

Sartre's exposition drew resounding applause, but not everybody agreed with him. John Willet, assistant editor of the London *Times Literary Supplement* which recently ran a special issue on the *avant-garde*, argued that *avant-garde* literature must somehow reflect the most advanced spirit of our age: as modified by modern science, by automation, by new experiences of time and space. These influences, however, can be found only in the industrialized "advanced" countries. In fact, the literature of the "new" countries lags far behind. It is in the advanced countries that art creates new syntheses, offers new images, becomes experimental art. Willet drew particular attention to the new "pictorial poetry," a fusion of verse and painting to create images, much as modern psychology believes our thought processes create images.

The poet, Giuseppe Ungaretti, had some doubts. He wondered whether any of these "experiments" would endure, whether they were more than tricks to camouflage the agony of certain structures as the brilliant birth of . . . nothing. Ungaretti took a melancholy view of our art and our age. "Is a poetic language still possible today?" he asked.

Time has undergone such an acceleration that there is no longer any relationship between time and space. Time seems today without duration: which means there is no longer any possibility of contemplation: hence, of poetic expression. If contemplation is out, and time has no duration, how can we give a durable expression to poetry? What we call poetry today, has it not become an act of despair? What we call today written poetry, is it not a denigration of the word? An instantaneous succession of forms that fall into oblivion at the twinkling of an eye? Nature, Esenin complained, is shrinking from moment to moment. Must man capitulate before automation? Must he transform himself into a robot of science fiction? Must he renounce his human prerogatives? These are the grave problems of our time.

Another poet, the Belgian Robert Goffin, thought it altogether futile to talk about the *avant-garde* of today, because we are not in a position to know anything about it. What is the real *avant-garde* of today will be understood only tomorrow. All we can judge today is the past, the *avant-garde* of yesterday.

These are discordant voices—just a few samples—chosen from a

My Hand

My hand wants comfort.
It wants to rest in a pocket
Or under a pillow.
It says: I'm tired of clutching things
Which in the end I have to let go.
My strength has become painful.
Make me inert.
Make me forget what it is like to feel.

My Legs

My legs often collapse.
It is not that they are thin,
That sickness has made them weak.
It is a kind of prayer with them
For the man they carry
Back and forth, through life.

The Boss Hires

I want a man who has nothing to gain.
I want his face to say: nothing more is to be lost.
I want to see from his hands:
That he shall not mind the hours,
That he shall stay on, that the pay will never be just.

Charles Simic

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great chorus; voices belonging to different generations, different nationalities, different philosophies, yet all belonging to the West. The real "issues" emerged when the concept of "*avant-garde*" was faced across the boundary between West and East.

The history of the *avant-garde* in Eastern Europe was summarized with admirable intellectual honesty and frankness by the Czech critic Eduard Goldstücker — whose name is connected in literary history with the revival of Kafka in the Socialist countries. Goldstücker began at the beginning of this century, which has seen the rise of successive waves of Russian Futurism, Imagism, Surrealism, as exemplified by such great figures as Majakovsky, Esenin and others. These poets not only sought —and found—new forms, new modes of expression. They wanted to "transform the world." This drew them into the ranks of the Communist revolution, a situation pregnant with tragedy; because the search for the new and untrammeled, the urge to transform the world, cannot long be constrained in military ranks and files. The very term "*avant-garde,*" taken from military experience, is ill-chosen to describe the striving of free spirits (a point noted by more than one speaker).

Partly these poets became disillusioned with the revolution and defected into despair and suicide. Partly the Communist revolution, once victoriously installed, took a new look — not dictated in any way by Marxist doctrine — at the relations between the artist and society. Can a Socialist society *afford* an *avant-garde* art, with its restricted appeal to a small elite? Must not art be *mobilized,* as is every other aspect of human activity, in the service of social and economic progress? Must it not be democratic; accessible to all classes?

Thus, Mr. Goldstücker explained, the normal evolution of *avant-garde* art in his own country was interrupted twice: once by the advent of Nazi-fascism and then by the Communist revolution.

But art resisted mobilization, and at the Twentieth Party Congress (1956) the law was changed. *Avant-gardism* was given, if not free rein, at least a longer rein. In Czechoslovakia, in Poland, in Hungary *avant-gardism* is trying to catch up with the West; and is not doing too badly, if one considers the two setbacks.

But the difference between the Eastern and the Western concepts of *avant-garde* as became evident from these discussions, is too deep to be explained by a mere time lag.

In the West, as we have seen, *avant-garde* is a concept that rather defies definition. An *avant-garde* writer, in the last analysis, is one who says he is an *avant-garde* writer and who is accepted by other self-appointed *avant-gardists.* The notion implies a component of anarchism. Trying to shock a bourgeoisie which is rather hard to shock by now and tends less to oppress art than to smother it under facile and snobbish applause, the Western *avant-gardist* often resorts to antics—like an adolescent whose impulse to rebel is frustrated by the permissiveness of his parents.

East European Communists, on the other hand, have fused the concept of *avant-garde* with their concept of "humanism." This became clear as they spoke one after the other to the assembly. Said the Russian critic, B. Sutchov: "The values on which the artist draws and which determine his aesthetic judgment must be close to life, in order to give to man the feeling of his own spiritual importance. Marxists do not accept certain types of so-called *avant-garde* art which codify and exalt the *laceration of the human personality.*" *Avant-garde* art, said Alexander Tvardovsky, must be responsible. First of all, it must have faith: faith in the future; faith in the new man that it must create. *Avant-garde* art must create *new values.*

This fundamental difference between the Western and Eastern concepts does not concern art alone. It is of a far more general cultural, social and political importance. For, in the last analysis, what is an *avant-garde* but the spiritual and artistic aspect of revolution? The point was raised only on the last day, by the Italian critic, C. G. Argan.

The West, by and large, rejects revolution. Being liberal—when it is liberal—it grants some kind of fools' license to its *avant-gardists.* It recognizes their "experimental" value. After the "great break" which is assumed to be now behind us, the function of various *avant-gardes* is to effect micro-changes, or mutations, which will eventually contribute to the further peaceful evolution of the arts.

The East still believes in revolution. Not at home, of course, where new values have triumphed, and a new man is in the making. At home, *avant-gardism* can only celebrate this new man and affirm the new values. But in the rest of the world, where revolution is yet to come, *avant-gardism* has a different function: that of undermining bourgeois values, of breaking up bourgeois forms. When the day of revolution is still distant, the relation between revolution and the *avant-garde* is idyllic (many Western European *avant-gardists* are Communists). However, the revolution must construct as well as demolish. In fact it can demolish effectively only when the constructive ideal is mature, ready to occupy the void. Therefore, as revolution draws nearer, the relations between communism and the Western-type *avant-garde* become strained.

Some form of revolution seems inevitable in large parts of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The "Socialist" East has one concept of this revolution, the "liberal" West has another. As Walter Lippmann pointed out in a recent column, that is the crucial issue dividing us. The concept of revolution needs redefining—as does the concept of war. A new definition of "*avant-garde*" in the arts is a corollary of — or signpost to — this new definition of revolution.

A dialogue on the subject between East and West is therefore essential. It could not have found a more suitable forum than the fourth congress of the European Community of Writers, the proceedings of which are soon to be published in book form.

The congress offered ample occasion for social contacts, parties, receptions. A private, advance showing of Fellini's newest film *Giulietta degli Spiriti* was arranged for the writers. The President of the Republic, Giuseppe Saragat, received the writers and led them on a "guided tour" through the Quirinale. Official messages from members of the cabinet, of parliament, of the Roman city government, abounded. Messages came also from UNESCO, the PEN Club, and other affiliated organizations. The most interesting result of these wider contacts was that, encouraged by the experience and the success of the European Community of Writers, similar groups are being formed in other cultural "regions." A Latin American "Community" has already been officially established; an African "Community" is in the mak-

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ing. Nothing would be more welcome than an initiative on the part of American writers (United States and Canada) to form a "North American Community of Writers." These regional "Communities" are expected to remain fully autonomous, which should enable them to embody more specifically the local atmosphere, which, today, is no longer "national" but "regional." (North American, European, African, Arab, Latin American, etc.) In the end, the European founding fathers envision some kind of federation of these regional "communities": brought together in a truly global "Parliament of Writers." The patronage of UNESCO for this whole development — first regional, then global—has been assured.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

TONY'S PARTY

The ads for Tony Richardson's transcription of *The Loved One* boast that the film contains something to offend everyone, and it proved to be so in my case. What offends me is that Mr. Richardson, assisted by Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood as script writers, has turned Evelyn Waugh's brief, witty, tough attack upon American mores, as exemplified in the country's funeral rites, into a loose-lipped, leering, cute-boys-together campground. They have invented prodigiously in a spirit of delicious naughtiness, and everything they have invented is bad—overdone, self-satisfied, pitched to a cheap laugh, and out of key with Waugh's astringent fable.

Why should Mrs. Joyboy be portrayed as an obscenely fat food maniac swimming in the contents of an overturned refrigerator? The point in the book is that Joyboy directs his extravagant momism toward a bad-tempered slattern whom a pier rat would be loath to call mother. Gluttony to the point of orgasm is not germane. Why should the Blessed Reverend of Whispering Glades be exposed as a sex maniac whose stained-glass windows can be electronically animated (not very persuasively) for pornographic ends? Waugh was writing about the commercialization of grief, not the exploitation of sexual caprice. Why should the flyboys from *Dr. Strangelove* be treated to an orgy in the display-room coffins? Why should Mr. Hump be found in a fag bar?—it isn't the kind of joint an old alcoholic newspaper man might be expected to frequent. Why should Liberace be employed for any dramatic role?—he is incapable of acting. All these ideas stem from the impulse that causes schoolboys to make rude gestures behind the teacher's back—the rest of the class can be counted on to titter.

It could have been even worse. For example, Southern states in *The Journal of the Loved One*, a souvenir program being sold by Random House for $2.95, that the script called for a scene in which Robert Morley was to appear in drag. Morley, who is no fool, vetoed the idea, although he did consent to pose for the book rubbing noses and lips with Robert Morse, who plays Dennis Barlow, Waugh's protagonist. Southern has written his journal in a tone of hideous coyness; he is bewitched by his own sense of humor and by the notion that any reference to homosexuality is per se hilarious (as the aforementioned schoolboys used to break up at every mention of drawers). The picture is sicklied over with a mist of inversion.

I'm sure that John Gielgud, Roddy MacDowell, Jonathan Winters, Rod Stieger, Lionel Stander and the others had a fantastic time (to borrow one of Southern's favorite adjectives) lampooning themselves under the nursemaid eye of The Tip Top (Richardson: again quoting Southern). How theatre people relax is their own business, but when their idea of jolly japes is permitted to slop over into their work and to smother the bite of *The Loved One* in a mush of excess and innuendo, they become a public nuisance. Whatever gave these boys the notion that they were smarter than Evelyn Waugh?

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Acropolis

the blossoms have broken
from your stone stems. But your roots
hold houses and stone streets
hold my friends fast in the Plaka
willing to fly over fountains of stairs
into your Athens.

A Dream Like Wind

I came as close to you
as ravishers on a vase

Away from the din of Maenads
howling through islands
Following your black hair
prancing through mountain passes

A Bird

Where blue runs to purple beyond the chainmail of saltsea,
she whines,

"Where? Where?"

William Gerchow

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